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Choice Poetry.

ON A WEDDING.

You are to be married, Mary
This hour, as I silent lie
In the dreamy light of the morning,
Your wedding-hour draws nigh.
Mine off, you are riding, dressing,
To stand amid bridal throng,
In the same old rooms we played in,
You and I—when we were young.

Your bridesmaids—they were our playmates;
Those old rooms, every nook,
Could speak of our childish frolics,
Larms, jealousies, great and small.
Do you mind how passion changed us,
And smiled at the word "forget?"
'Twas a girl's romance—yet somewhere
I have kept my penny yet.

Do you mind our verses written
Together? our dreams of fame?—
Of love—byte we'd share all secrets
When that sweet mystery came?
It is no mystery now, Mary;
'Tis now revealed year by year:
Life—this is your marriage-morning,
And I—I am lying here.

I cannot picture your face, Mary,
The face of the bride to-day:
You have outgrown my knowledge
In years that have stepped away:
I see but the girlish likeness
Brown eyes, and brown falling hair:
God knows, I did love you dearly,
And was proud that you were fair!

Many speak my name, Mary,
While yours in home's silence lies:
The future I read in toil's guerdon,
You will read in your children's eyes.
The past—the same past with either—
Is to you a soft, pleasant scene:
But I cannot see it clearly,
For the graves that rose between.

I am glad you are happy, Mary!
These tears, did you see them fall,
Would show, though you have forgotten,
I have remembered all.
And though my cup is but empty,
And yours with its joy runs o'er,
God keep you its sweetness, Mary,
Brimming for evermore!

Pictures of Life.

THE TEXAN HUNTRESS;
OR,
THE ENTHUSIAST'S DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY C. W. WEBBER, OF KENTUCKY,
AUTHOR OF "OLD HICKS, THE GUIDE," "THE SHOT IN THE EYE," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by C. W. Webber, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

The buccaneer I am about to give an some of them familiar to leading men of Texas, though they have never been related in print. On my way out, I had stopped to visit at the house of a friend, who was a planter, living high up on the Brazos River. Our visit was principally occupied in hunting. As I had just arrived in the country, the abundant sport afforded by the number and variety of the game, with which it might be said literally to swarm, afforded a diversion to my morbid feeling, and kept me in a continued state of eager excitement. I was on my horse the greater part of the time.

Though not a raw woodsman, so far as making my way through the heavy forests of the West was concerned, yet finding myself for the first time upon the vast and unaccustomed expanse of the Southern Prairies, I was for a long time surprised that though excessively reckless, I should be here much perplexed, and even timid, in attempting to find my way.

The land-marks are so different, as well as the modes of using them, from those to which I had been accustomed, that I was frequently confused and overwhelmed with awe on finding myself left in the wilderness of the hunt, alone amidst the illimitable solitudes, with no experienced eye to me for the course, where all was trackless.

When I would thus get "*turned round*," as it is called, and the consciousness that I had lost my course, would drive the blood to my heart; the startled sense of the reversion is difficult to describe. Body and soul would seem for a moment as if sinking under the weight of a drear solemnity, and then the returning blood would leap back to the heart, the thrilling nerves would shudder. A thousand stories of bloody deaths under the rousing scalping-knife of savage hordes, met in the wide wilderness of plains; of confused circlings day by day, always bringing the victim back to his own trail, until the dreary, lingering death of starvation relieved the bewilderment; of banded wolves with gaping jaws, hungry yells and tireless feet, pursuing the mountain flight which has betrayed to their ferocious instinct a sure prey in the *last man*; of grim, creeping panthers springing from the thicket upon the deep sense of his fruitless encounters; and of the wild, vague, and unutterable horror of lonely, unavenged and unrecorded death in a thousand forms,—until self-possession rescued, and the sad impulse was to strike spurs into my horse and plunge blindly on amidst them all.

This singular sensation gradually loses its intensity, when, by a series of happy accidents, rather than instincts, we gain more confidence, and it requires a less forcem struggle to recall ourselves to calmness, and the cool consideration of the position in which we are thrown.

But let those who as many hours as can well be crowded into a year or two of such wild experience, yet be in a man of very strong nerve who can, even then, draw up his horse, after a heated chase of buffalo, deer, or wolf, or bear, and not feel much of this appalled startle, when, the slaughter over, he looks around with aching eyes for the first time to see where he is.

A shaking sense of loneliness and awe is the reaction of the fierce and headlong excitement under which he has been hurled, as it were, he knows not in what direction, or how far. He gazes around him in breathless silence and tremulous dread for subtle; the contrast of the stillness, now that death has intervened, with the crashing, raging impetus which brought him here, is too oppressive, and he dares not make a sound; he almost shudders while the dim consciousness that he has just done murder in the sight of his peaceful mother, Earth, comes over him reproachfully amidst her voiceless calm; and the whole forest, with its straight stems, the broad plain with its flower eyes, the background sun, the wide air itself, all seem for one instant to have stood still to gaze upon the unholy deed. There lies the quiet victim! His feels their reproach as he looks upon its fixed, but unlicensed eyes.

He cannot stand all this. I said it was but for one instant, and then h'e habitual hardness returns; the awe he throws off with a start; the carcass is slung upon his horse, and he turns its head towards the nearest high land to look here the country lies. If he recognizes no familiar land-marks, and he sees that he is out of his range, he then takes his course by the direction of the prevailing winds, the moss upon the trees, the position of the sun, the course of the streams or the buffalo trails, by the flight of birds, or a thousand other telegraphic characters which he has learned to read.

But then he has nevertheless experienced, however briefly, this vague feeling of terror and dread, to which we have alluded, and as one had an old skinny Trapper, whose whole life has been spent among the mountains, ever entirely loses this sensation on reaching that he is lost in those mighty solitudes; because, in the first place, he is never lost, and in the next, if he were, it would be all the same to him. He can live wherever a moth, a lizard, or a raven can live, and he cares little if he never sees the face of a man for a year or two; in that time he is sure to come out somewhere, even if it be on the Pacific coast! The deep gorges of the mountains afford him shelter and repose in winter; the open plain of forest glades a couch in summer; a rock is pillow enough for him, and pigtop winds do well for bolsters, though they do bring the thunder for their host!

He starves until rage makes him wild, and then his rifle is more inexorable than the bolt of death. The famishing wolf is merciful to his. Earth and her creatures are nothing now, but food and food to glut his shriveled maw. Blood! blood! Blood is to him Ambrosia. The Nectar of the gods would not tempt him from the greasy carcasses of "beaver tail!" He is ecstatic upon "buffalo hump," and sups his divinest inspiration from a gourd of "bar's grease." What knows he, then, of that "dim religious awe" within the natural temples of the Most High, at which I have hinted! Not he! He has become in those temples what the world calls a *practical* priest, and eats up the "flesh offerings" like a sear, as harsh and as steely hard!

But to return to our story. The day's hunt had been an unusually exciting one. We hunted deer after the following fashion. Those animals had principally upon the open prairie, but about eleven o'clock, A. M., they may be seen in long lines sauntering towards the nearest wood, which usually, throughout Texas, grows upon the margin of the small lakes or banks of streams.

They are now going to water, and repose in the shade until three or four o'clock in the afternoon, when they come out to feed again. The deer of the prairies is a very swift variety, with smaller antlers than the common buck of our forests here. We stationed ourselves some half a mile distant in the prairie on fleet horses, some who were most skilled with the common "hose" of the country, and others with our holster pistols, as in my own case. A negro "driver," as he is called, was then sent in with dogs on the opposite side of the wood to drive the deer out upon the plain; for, contrary to the usage of the common deer, this creature of the plains makes always for open ground directly when pursued, and we swelling their exit chased them by sight on our horses. We had but little time to wait, for within twenty minutes out burst a numerous herd. It was a splendid sight as they came plunging into the long grass and meadow, out from the dark shadows suddenly, with their white throats, their "antlered pride" thrown back, and round ears laid sharp behind to hearken the pursuing cry of "hall-mouthed" hound. It is one of the most exciting scenes I know in the sports of the country.

We reined up our horses for the start; bending forward with eager eye and bounding pulse to wait the last instant when they should have passed us on their way into the illimitable plain upon which they trust to their flying feet for safety. But though these tiny hoofs be fleet enough to leave the Red Wolf far behind, or dart beyond the agile panther's leap, yet our good steeds, that champ and plunge impatiently, are far more fleet than they. Now they go bounding by with long, high leaps over the tall, embarrassing grass, and soon if they half wave wings, and were afraid to use them. Now, too, with a wild shout of past-up excitement, we are off on the chase, each man selecting his special prey. There is little use for the whip and spur in this hunt, for when a horse has once tasted its fierce and healthful pleasures, he needs no other stimulant after. They, like their riders, become furious with the excitement, and sometimes will bite the poor animal when they come up with it after a long chase.

The broad, white tails of the deer produce a droll effect as they rise and fall along the surface of the grass, and serve as a sort of fluttering beacon to the eye in the early part of the run; for, when they, at first sight of you, fairly straighten themselves in their frightened speed, they leave horse and rider far enough behind; but this does not last long; they are very fat at this season, the fall, and do not hold out at this rate. They soon begin to flag from the heat and dragging weight of the grease, which is now nearly as high as their hooks. We gradually close upon them, and the herd begins to break up, scattering here and there and everywhere. Your eye has become fixed upon a particular one, a noble buck, whose powerful form has attracted you. Your horse has caught the same object, and divines you well as he turns his head to follow it, without regard to the course taken by the rest.

Now the excitement becomes a delirium of action; and as you find yourself farther separated from the other sounds of the chase, your excitedest passions become more and more intensified upon the immediate object before you, and you rush on, you know not whither. My game on this day proved to be much more long-winded and powerful than usual, and I had, as the consequence, a tremendous race of it before I began to gain very rapidly upon its flight. At length the buck began to make leaps a little less long and high, and my horse, by this time thoroughly heated in the run, to meet with eagerness as he let out an additional link or two of speed. I closed rapidly with the quarry, and loosened my holsters for the shot which was to close the scene. Now my horse, with his ears laid back, closes up alongside, and with trembling haste the pistol is snatched from the holster. With all its desperate speed we cannot touch the hair with the muzzle before we fire—between the shoulders—and it is down!—tumbling. In the impulse of its flight, forward with broken neck bent beneath the body.

It is over! We are silent and still. The bloody work is finished, and I look around for the first time to see where I am, or what is in sight. I am amongst a wild Archipelago of islands, or "mots" of timber, with long, irregular vistas stretching between them in all directions. My vision flies at my feet quite enough now. The strong breeze cools my heated forehead. The heat is profound at first, for every voice of nature has been frightened into silence by the violence which had just occurred to desecrate a peaceful home; but gradually, before my confused sense has time to realize the scene, the rap, rap, rapping of a wood-pecker's hammer stole timidly out from the accent "mott," and then soon after sound, resumed in the same low key, hesitated forth from bird and insect, showing that Nature was yet alive, although just now appalled.

I gazed around—with something of the dim confused perception of one awakening from the deep sleep of a troubled dream—into the lengthening vistas stretching by uncertain glimpses into fantastic distance—when gradually the overwhelming recollection of the vastness came upon me, and then the shuddering consciousness that I was *lost*!—as utterly lost as if I had just dropped upon the planet from the moon, with a piece of green cheese in my fist. I had lost all idea of course, distance, or time during the chase, and now was completely "turned round." I immediately felt the full dangers of my situation. I knew the direction in which we had started, but knew, too, so well, that from the numerous turns the chase had taken, that I could no more tell which way to start back than if I had been physically blind, as I had, in fact, been mentally so.

I had imprudently come out without a pocket compass, and was a young *woodsman* but upon *strange places*. I did not have enough of the geography of the country to render what knowledge I had of natural signs of any avail to me here. I was, in a word, sufficiently penis-struck to not more like the inexperienced person that I was, than with the self-possession these circumstances so much required. My heart beat very loud and fast as I shouted my horse, and with a paltry feeling of exhilaration, spurred him into one of the narrow openings, without stopping one moment to consider which way or whither it should lead me. The poor deer I left upon the spot where it fell, for I was too much startled to think of dismantling it now—dress, of all the terrible fates that could ever befall a human being, this of being lost in such a country, had always been most formidable to me.

I had known of so many instances of terrible suffering and dreary death from such a cause, at this early time,—when even individual settlements were sometimes eighty or a hundred miles apart in the direction of Galveston, and none in the opposite direction for thousands,—that now the chill revulsion seemed first like present annihilation, and then like such remote and undefined suffering as was far more formidable; so I urged on vaguely—hoping nothing, trusting nothing, but simply asking for action to distract—and a mists to end the suspense.

My horse apparently sympathized with my horror and despair, for he reached on with a frightened speed, which at any other time would have been frightful, but now was only companion. I recognized no object that we passed—each melted into the other, forming on either hand a sort of back-running hypothesis of mountain and tree, of plain and sky, that seemed to be keeping time with my motion. I was riding through a dim land, where nothing looked real, but all hollaic—where the end was I did not know.

It was not long before I gained the open plain, upon which there was, indeed, nothing but grass and horizon, but which appeared to me the wide end of all things. It was like galloping on clouds toward the moon, or "the jumping off place"—the distance seemed so inappreciable! yet I urged on. The grass sparrow chirped and flitted, I suppose—the deer turned round to stare, no doubt,—the partridge roared its sudden under-base of wings, and skimmed away, bowling the grass-tops with its windy whirr, for all I know, but yet I saw them not but as we see swift shadows in a sorcay dream. I shouted like a crazy man.

I fired my other pistol in the air, in the hope that some of the party of hunters might hear it—then I paused to listen. My frightened and impatient horse would chafe and plunge for a moment, and again, as if divining why I paused, would be still as death; and now, with pricked ears, pointed stiffly here and there, seem listening round him for a sound—and then would snuff the breeze with his wide, eager nostrils, and with an impulse, headlong and impatient as my own, bound forward—as the steady, winging raven that followed, over-head, our course, croaked an answer that sounded so like self-congratulation.

Away! away! away! and still no sight—and still no sound that came to us with any promise; a herd of mustangs would scurry off, snorting as we passed—a squad of buffalo, wheeling sharp about, and like huge-headed imprints of heads, with tails stuck straight in air, go lumber away over the shaking plain—but nothing like human form appeared. The first madness had passed off—the instinct of the love of life had asserted its place, and the blurred vision had become intensified by the sharpening apprehension which the physical brought, of thirst, hunger and exhaustion.

I saw objects clearly now. Every line in the horizon was distinctly defined, and conveyed to me a sort of hope. All things, indeed, took their relations again, and I was unfrightened into calm. I knew my danger in detail, and saw every blade of grass that marked my way towards—what? I heard the cold ejaculation of the long-necked blue crane explode upon the silence like a distant pistol shot—I saw the fleeter bond, and the meadow lark, with its dark feather-heart middle its tasselled breast, bound up from the grass with its low fluttering flight, to sing on wing most sweetly, of all joy, though filled with fear. The very sand rat that had darted with a faint squeak to its hole, I saw peep forth again as I went past, so minutely did my vision take in every thing now.

I had ridden on for several hours, the country at each moment becoming still more strange.—There were no objects in which I could detect the slightest degree of familiarity—my horse was beginning to fail, and drooding lest he would give out beneath me, I reined him up. This would, indeed, be a fate too terrible to contemplate—being left on foot in the midst of these great plains! I got down and stroked his panting sides, and walked with him for an hour, until he seemed to be regaining his strength somewhat, for the morning's work had been tremendous, as I, in my unreckoning despair, had kept him urged to nearly the top of his speed during this foolish ride. Fortunately, he was one of those game and indomitable horses formed by crossing the mustang, which is an Arab, upon the larger-boned Northern horse, or he could never have survived such a run.

I had supposed that my only chance of escape from the forest-land, and already I felt the cold that drove it on, dash with a fresh and very chill against my face, like the spray of a cataract. The rush and roar that followed left me no time for thought. In a moment, horse and man were prostrate, helpless along the plain.

Such crashes! such tremendous claps—such shooting the horizon with swift piercing blazes—such beating, crushing floods, that but seemed a better medium to transmit the mighty clangor hurled around by the strong wind, with vast black clouds that dipped and spun like fishes of ebon down, or sudden fire above! Such an image of sublimest anarchy never before came to overwhelm an already desperate, wearied, and starving wanderer. I clutched at the strong rooted grass in the blindness of my ashened, and turned not, in the horrid tumult, that my horse had fallen upon my leg.

I was so stunned that I did not feel the pain. I tried to look up to understand the awful clamor. Was the last day come? Had some God descended in the terror of his might? A keen shaft, in clattering zigzag, would pierce the chaos, blinding as it illuminated. The crashing of torn limbs, caught up miles away, and projected with the fleeting rush—the rolling grass-tops, torn and hurled into my face—the bellowing moan of frightened buffalo—the shaking trample of their struggling feet, all came confusedly, as the only intervales to my confused senses.

My horse, at last, as terror-stricken as myself, burst forth, while he lay writhing upon my crushed leg, into a wild and strangely harrowing cry—peculiar to those animals when overcome by pain—and which now rose a weird shriek of agony into the tempest. I had never heard it before, and could not know its source; and the sudden coming of this shrill and unimaginable cry so close to my head, had an effect of the supernatural so absolutely appalling, that I fainted, and remember nothing more until the steady blazing of the early sunlight upon my eyes waked me to a sense of pain, weakness, and exhaustment, unwonting almost to fright—for stooping over me was one of the most unexpected and odd strange figures that it had ever been my fortune yet to encounter.

"He's coming too—the poor boy!"

This was spoken in a tone that startled me for some reason—I did not know what—entirely apart from the circumstances, and the unsuspectedness of hearing a human voice at all, after and comfort such scenes. I looked up. What a time! Storm-scanned and bronzed, it was clearly a woman's hand—a woman's face!—that leaned over and looked kindly down upon me from beneath a sort of half cap and half hood of deer's skin, with the spotted hair turned out.

"You are not wanting of a wet bed to make you grow, my green youngster! What in the Lord's name brought you here, child?"

The sort of half-grim pleasantry with which this was spoken, as I opened my eyes fully upon her, relieved, to some degree, my startled feeling of apprehension, and I faltered out feebly, with an attempt at civerness:—

"I suppose I was blown here—or fell from the clouds!"

She assisted me to a sitting posture with her strong hand.

"Nonsense! nonsense, boy! your own foolish hastiness brought you here! get up! Ah! I see you cannot rise yet! But you are hungry, perhaps! I'll give you a slice of as fine a buck as ever was killed, and the taste of which one would think you ought to know!"

She drew forward a small wallet of dressed skin that was slung behind her diagonal costume of the same material, and drew from it some pieces of roasted venison, with which she presented me. As I clutched them with a half-famishing eagerness, a low, quiet laugh from this personage caused me to look up at her again with a dull feeling of curiosity, which even excessive hunger could not repress.

"You are hungry, sure enough! ha! ha! ha! you ought to know that meat!" and she stooped to pick a rifle from the wet grass; and while, continuing to chuckle, she examined carefully the lock, I could see her whole figure fully as I ate. The form was unmistakably that of a genuine woman. The figure, about five feet seven, had nothing of Amazonian stoutness at all apparent, although the manner in which the rifle was held and handled, would naturally lead one to suppose that those limbs must be very compact, indeed. The general outline, although obscured by the rude drapery, gave you the idea of that swift tenacity which round, small bone and taut-strung tissue express in the young Indian runner of the North, without destroying a sort of "formidable grace" in its flexible natural movement.

You were surprised, and yet you were not, that she should be a woman of our own race. The features were plain, and here the lines were a little sharp, though not unmaternely, altogether. There was an expression of care, and, indeed, but not of sorrow, lurking. The eye seemed an calm and frank, quick, open, large and blue, that you could never have conceived the finely arched eyebrow as darkening of itself, but simply as drawn down by the possible contracting of a "dreary mouth austere" below. In a word, with her tanned, self-possessed face, her hair slightly tinged with grey, her half hunter and half Indian woman costume, her concise language, her sudden appearance, she was to me the most extraordinary mortal phenomenon I had yet met with. I was too hungry to philosophize or speculate, as there was nothing left me to do but live in the exhausted present, and wait for the future to enlighten me concerning her.

She leaned the gun, re-covering the lock with a buck's skin gourd, carefully against my saddle, which Pobserved upon the grass, and seeming to be satisfied from her inspection that the tube was all right and the cap now entirely dry, she walked towards my horse, merely saying:—"Sleep again, boy, and you will be ready!" The curt injunction seemed almost unnecessary, for the unconquerable drowsiness which follows eating, after long hunger and excessive fatigue and excitement, was already upon me; and the last I saw of her she was standing by the side of my horse with caressing words and gestures as he nibbled fondly at the grass amidst which he stood, with his saddle cast off, as if he would just as soon lay down again, or rather fall down!—as not!

When I awoke again, the sun was getting low, and its shadows even fell over the damp bed upon which I had fallen. I raised myself to a sitting posture with a vigor apparently renewed, as I felt for the moment the deepest astonishment and mystified enough, by what had been occurring. It all seemed like a dream. It could not be real! There was a vague image of a strange woman with a rifle in her hand, struggling through my brain, and I tried to remember her cool, pervading words, and her plain, remarkable face, with the fawn-skin hood, and her barely looking figure, with its anomalous dress of buckskin; but it all seemed too unreal, and I found myself standing erect, with a sort of swelling consciousness that I had been having a very ridiculous dream; because, there was my noble gray standing the usual distance off in the deep grass, and browsing as if he expected a long day's work, and was laying in the necessary supply of provender therefor.

To be sure, the grass seemed strangely levelled and trodden about, and it was odd what a number of twigs and limbs of trees lay strewed around, considering there was nothing like a tree in sight; but yet I could make nothing out of it. How came my saddle off? How came gray to look so comfortable? How came I so lame in my left leg that I could not step more than half an inch at a time after I got up, with a sort of numbed struggle, to my feet, and realized the extent and dreariness of the devastation in the midst of which I stood? The prairie presented the appearance of a thousand mastodons congealed into green stillness, humbled by a Higher Power as a fixed expression of abasement, with all the broken, jagged wrecks left obtrusive, sticking here and there and everywhere, just as they had been hurled in the rash rebellion that had provoked it.

What a sense of desolation for dreaming man to awake to realize! I had risen from a blanket! It seemed as if I must have gone to sleep quite considerately!—there were evidences about me of my having partaken of food,—the proof was in the vigor that I felt in spite of my lameness! and then the whole terrible scene of the storm came back to me as I brushed my forehead impatiently with my hand. Ha! ha! ha!—I have it all!—*That woman!* I turned my head, and there stood the strange figure, leaning on her rifle, within ten feet of me, chuckling inwardly at my bewilderment, with that same cool smile!

"Young man, are you ready now?" she called, suddenly.

I was still somewhat bewildered, and answered,—

"Ready for what?"

"To go with me?" was the abrupt reply.

"But go where? What would you have me to do? Who are you? Are you man or woman?"

"What is that to you, childish boy? Your questions are foolish. I have saved your life, and wish to preserve it further; you can never get out of this wilderness in your present condition. I will take you home with me until you are rollevered sufficiently."

"But, have you a home?" I said, partiedalously.

"Am I a wild beast?" she answered, taking off the strange hood-dress, and shaking a pure white brow, the luxuriance of which contrasted curiously with the dark, sunny face beneath. She smiled, I thought, a little proudly, as she replaced it, and advanced towards my horse for the purpose of equipping him, which was done with perfect dexterity. She then led him to my side. "Now, boy, will you mount?"

"How can I?" I can scarcely move!"

"Oh, never mind! your leg is not broken. I can help you!"

So, without more ado, she lifted me into the saddle, with perfect ease to herself, but great agony to me. When once on the saddle, the pain subsided in a measure. She pointed me the course, and walking by my side, held my leg gently, so as to ease its position as much as possible. This considerate kindness had a most soothing effect upon me, and the simple act greatly alleviated my pain, and restored me to confidence,—singular as had been the circumstances of this encounter. I was even moved to speak to her as to a human being; for in my disturbed state she had really squeezed a double sort of being. I was not over clear in my mind as to whose she came from, nor over sure what to expect from her; but this little act convinced me that I must be in good hands, at least, however unaccountable the use they were apparently put to might seem.

She appeared to comprehend the sort of disturbance of feeling with which I had become possessed, and answered the question:—"How far is this home of yours?"

"Oh! it isn't in a hole in the ground, in a hollow tree, or in a cave, as you will see!"

"Then, how far is it to G——'s plantation?" (My friend's.)

"You will find it far enough to need whole limbs to reach it."

"But how far may that be?"

"Boy, we have no surveyors here, with their steel chains laid along the earth, emblematic of the slavery to which it is doomed, to measure our miles for us. We measure them by our own free strides!"

"But that is no answer?"

"Ask no questions! I will show you when it is time enough for you to go!"

This was spoken with a sort of petulance, mingled with solemnity; and, as if declining further conversation, she urged on my horse and strode more rapidly, not forgetting her tender care of my leg, though she had dropped her head moodily upon her breast. I was compelled into silence, of course, but this abrupt sort of manner roused my pride somewhat.

I recalled the frequency with which she had spoken to me as a "boy," "child," &c., with some epiteta, as I rode on in sulky silence, too. Why, I was a young man of twenty-one, and thought myself somebody! What was there entitling anybody to call me by distinctive names, in the stupid fact of my having got lost in a country of which I knew so little? "I dislike this sort of patronage, even if she has got some streaks of gray in her hair; she is not so oldish-looking after all, as to entitle her to speak like the mother of Methuselah, even if she did drag me from under my horse when I was unconscious!" so I muttered to myself in a really childish sulkon, the secret of which was mingled of mortified vanity and baffled curiosity. As she remained silent, I was foolish enough to give way to this feeling at last.

"Why do you persist in calling me 'child,' 'boy,' and the like names?"

"Because you are a child!" and she looked up into my face with a quick glance that had an expression of storminess in it, above that compressed mouth, that I shall never forget.

"More boy as you are, you think you are a man!—you might pass well enough in the tinselled dress and reeking sinks of civilization!—Perhaps you *are* a boy-man!"

This was said with a slight sneer, that cut me to the very core.

"But remember!—it requires something more than mere years—the vital breath of which has been poisoned—to make a man out here, in the presence of the Almighty, worthy to look up into His solemn infinite, where Nature is the only delegated Presence! You must have other and riper experience, than those which caused a brave young man—no doubt!—to start like a madman across the plains, merely because he considered himself lost,—without taking time to cut the throat of the deer he had just shot, or to coolly examine his immediate neighborhood,—when, in that event, he might have seen me step from behind a tree not two yards from him, and save him from all trouble. You need to trust Nature more, and through her learn to trust yourself!—She is full of amenities, not in the mild grandeur of her moods, is merciful to all but human weakness. As she represents all that was known of God's physical to us, we must treat her in such relations as we trust Him in the spiritual. You are old enough and know enough to have found your way back to your friends, if you had stopped to think a moment.

"You did not trust,—and though you might not have fled from mortal foe, you did fly from your own imaginations, for I was an unseen witness! I saw you scurry off, and before I understood the cause, you were beyond the reach of any sound I could produce. I laughed, and pitied you,—but found you this morning by accident."

"You are a strange person! What is the meaning of all these things you say to me?"

"Hooning, boy! That you children of civilization imagine yourselves *elevated* when you have talked with books in dingy closets, and grown pale in the stagnant air in which your morbid dreams are generated, along with dull diseases! You have only commenced the true life. Neither the physical or spiritual are yet developed in you, although you may be what you call *learned*!"

"That I disclaim!" I could not help saying, with false and unnecessary modesty.

"Then, it is nothing to your credit! One kind of learning is as necessary as another!" she continued, with an change of intonation, but in a severe, rapid manner.

"You should know books as well as Nature. One is God's Book and the other man's!"

"That sounds polemical!" smarted I, barring by this time become interested in her dogmatism, and feeling a sudden accession of the old profane propensity for cynicism.

"I am no vulgar heretic. I believe in all the sacredness of humanity, but I believe as well in those of Nature. The religion of the Bible is, perhaps, more of a religion to me than to you,—but the religion of Nature is an essential part of it, and, with me, the base, of course, as Eden had its base upon the earth."

"Well!" thought I to myself, "here's a droll preacher I have met with, any how!"

"But, you think it strange I should tell you that you do not know your own life, because you suffered your imagination to make a fool of you, in conditions from which your experiences showed you no mode of escape which you could understand!"

"Yes!"

"Well, that you may understand what I mean—should you not have known how to read this great page of continent-stretching plain, as well as that other smaller page of your Human Learning, let it belong to what tome it may?"

"You but you remember I have not had time yet to learn!"

"Then continue yourself a child! I have been taught to read your books, and have learned something of them, too. I can read the other volume as well; and, instead of the faded decay of the mere scholar, you see the bronze manne of a storner and more hardy life. Woman as you say I am—I will outlive a dozen of them in the Life of Truth. Had I been cast upon the middle of the desert of Sahara by such a tornado as you met with last night, I should not have attempted to take a course until I had seen the sun rise.—This would have been a base for faith, for observation, for calculation—nothing would have escaped me, however minute—from the character of a cloud to the position of the low constellations, fixed around me to tell how the prevailing wind had left them to wait its next coming—and that wind would tell a pregnant story, too, when it went by. I could almost judge with certainty (whence it cometh or whither it goeth!" Not a shrewd and bitter shrub, but its fingers pointed a significance—or showed something on one side of the disordered bark—either the direction of the nearest water, or of the prevailing wind—not an antelope that darted past but would have led me the way to some oasis!" She paused, suddenly.

"That a man should utter such thoughts would not surprise me so much," said I, hastily,—"but that a woman should—"

"A woman should!" she interrupted. "Give a woman something to love and something to venerate—an idea to achieve—and what will she not accomplish? Now you show yourself a child again!"

"You make a woman in yourself more infallible than man pretends to be, even in his proper and peculiar field!"

"Young man—I understand you! I could possibly get lost as easily as some men—but I could not get scared!"

"Thank you!" said I, with a poor effort at the magnanimous. But she went on without noticing.

"I should not have been flurried out of my common sense, and lost all the chance I had for getting out of the scrape—if I am a woman. There is too much yet to be accomplished to justify any one in throwing away a life. Mankind has yet to be redeemed. The world needs all its laborers!"

Here is the key-note to this strange anomaly, I thought!

"You will not do much to redeem it out here!" I ventured to hint.

She turned her head abruptly, merely muttering,—

"You will know more anon than I!" and, as at the moment, a herd of deer, which had been lying down in the grass within range, sprang up from a low place of the ground—her rifle was at her shoulder in an instant. A deer bounded into the air, and merely saying, as she turned off—

"Wait for me!" she proceeded to cut the throat of the animal—reloading her rifle as she went.

"Well!" said I, as I squirmed in my saddle, when she was out of ear shot—"Here's a *fine* specimen, with a vengeance! A sort of Amazonian-Siamese-Twins-of-a-personage—a double-shotted she fanatic run wild! She is surely sufficient unto herself! Lord help the husband of such a woman—if she have one!" Then I felt mean.

"But, by Jove how strangely she talks—and how kindly she has treated me—if she does pretensions! I half suspect she's right about the *child*!"

The deer was dismissed in short order, and she returned to my side bearing the hams still enveloped in the hide, which had been stripped from the fore-parts, which are not much valued in a country where venison is so abundant. She slung her burden across my horse behind my seat, merely remarking as we moved on—"This is a fat saddle!"

"But is it possible that you bent on foot always?"

"Yes; I prefer it!"

"How do you get your meat home!—not upon your shoulders, I hope!"

"Too—but why not, young man? My limbs are strong, my step is firm. I do not like the tottering creatures of rotten civilization. I who breathe God's pure air leave the will—why not the dead!"

"But you are a woman," I persisted. "Your husband, if you have one, should do this!"

"Bah! What if I am a woman—I must work! My husband works! Works gloriously and nobly for mankind, and I, too, am laboring for mankind when I provide for him. He has no time for such menial labors; and if he had, he would be doing injustice to the necessities of the race if he gave it to anything but the high mission on which he has been sent!"

"This is a circuitous direction, it seems to me—you are reversing the savage code; for even with them, although the women perform the lame services, the men at least do the hunting."

"Young man, you speak like one who had been in the world just twenty-one years, and that, too, as a man, and not a woman! Instead of that progress, like all other of God's great Laws, moves in the spiral—upwards? That it must bring us around again to the same conditions from whence we started—though above them. A close approximation to the savage life and virtues will be the highest civilization. It is the ferocious vices, we shall have conquered, and the heroic virtues we shall have attained. These stern savage races go down before the wheels of progress because they will not bend; with the light that was given them, they are too faithful and too strong to yield. It is a bastard civilization that is really native—begotten of luxury or lust—its children are the true Nurse of ferocity and brutality. The world needs bodies now more than theirs and shows. The need is too great for true hearts to stay at conventional forms, which, after all, are but the disguises of unbounded licentiousness. The selfless good, and we must seek each in his own appointed way."

"But I do not understand from all this why the common relation of husband and wife should be reversed."

"Ah, yes! Then the constant tendency of this struggle of civilization toward the simpler forms and a purer light, is to intensify the action of the mental and spiritual natures, rather than the mere physical. The mental searcher for the mechanical laws of society is the seed for the spiritual. That I disclaim!" I could not help saying, with false and unnecessary modesty.

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"Young man—I understand you! I could

Our Picture Gallery.

KAUTERSKILL FALLS.

The cascades, far, as will be seen by the engraving, there are two of them—the Falls being divided by a shelving break in the rocks, are in the Catskill Mountains, about two miles from "Pine Orchard," the famous summer retreat on the brow of the mountain overhanging the Hudson, and about fourteen miles from the village of Catskill. The Falls are watered by two small lakes, which nestle in their outlets, and are precipitated over the broken rocks into a chasm two hundred and sixty feet in depth, forming, when the water is scant, as it often is in mid-summer, the appearance of a feather waving in the air. The first cascade is a perpendicular fall of one hundred and eighty feet, the water then rushes along a space of about one hundred feet, and is again precipitated over a craggy height of eighty feet.

Behind the first fall is an immense amphitheatre, into which visitors can enter and look out upon the ever-falling curtain of mist that veils this wild and romantic spot from the rays of the sun. We have heard of New Yorkers who, on their European tours, have gone to Ireland for the express purpose of seeing the miniature waterfalls on the estate of Lord Powerscourt, who have never seen the beautiful cascades of the Kauterskill! But every year this romantic spot has an increased number of visitors, and the time will come when an American virtuoso will be ashamed to acknowledge that he has not seen those loveliest of waterfalls. Niagara is immense, standing by itself, and in the solitude of city life; gas lights are then more alluring than sun-light in the mountains, and the final atmosphere of heated rooms is preferred to the pure and health-giving air of the mountains and forest.

The name of Kauterskill is said not to have a very delicate meaning, and we sometimes see it written Catskill; but we should be sorry to see another substituted for it. If it is a poor thing, as Aubrey says, it is at least "one cwm," and looks and sounds quite as well in poetry as the greater number of classical names that our consummate are so fond of borrowing from the Greek.

Our readers, for, as well be seen by the engraving, there are two of them—the Falls being divided by a shelving break in the rocks, are in the Catskill Mountains, about two miles from "

Miscellaneous.

CONCENTRATION OF TRADE.

A gentleman of means expressed to the undersigned a doubt, which we answered in the negative, as to the propriety of establishing here a branch of the house in Boston, which we represent, and which is doing a large business in this city, and has a number of partners in Philadelphia. His objection was that the concentration of trade in the larger cities was likely to occur; we therefore find her hesitation in devoting a portion of our working capital to the investigation of the new field.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"From the working of the mercantile protection, as it is called in Pennsylvania, I am satisfied that, with local exceptions, it will benefit the country. But I am very little used from what I do at present. We have more than half our goods from New York, though there were not half as many English or continental goods sold in the interior. As a rule, for the better part of a generation, New York has been the favorite place of resort for buyers."

"There is a tendency always back to the centralization of affairs as they existed prior to the war of Independence, and I for one, should not be surprised a few years hence to see Philadelphia more important almost the entire trade of the city. The West, of course, will always, and of necessity, have capital, industrious mechanics, and vast resources. A merchant with small means has no chance with those who command capital, and no one will mourn their reward, in spite of the mercantile prophecies above quoted.

We are sorry to see articles appearing in the newspapers, which are calculated to discourage the young; disappointments enough await them in their progress through life, without having, whilst upon the threshold, hopes which are well founded, blighted by the malign influence of evil prognostics. We have much faith in the old proverb, "Where there is a will, there is a way," and we think every one in the pursuit of a good object should be encouraged. Last but not least make up his mind that any thing is impossible to him, and he has effectually sealed all prospects of its achievement; but let him think that he can and will succeed, then he need only frame his course to conserve success, and the battle is won.

It is folly, when six per cent. per annum investments are selling at fifteen and eighteen per cent. advance, to tell us that capital is confined to a few, and is increasing in the hands of the wealthy and discouraging, and we are approaching an age of rule for those who are not born of rich parents. That time is passed, and we say to the young, give attention and expedient yourself with business affairs—establish a good, sound mercantile character, and you have plenty of capital at command. The fact of any particular branch of trade having more business engaged in it than are warranted by the profits, should be no discouragement. Hardly a day passes by without some thing new transpiring—some new invention or discovery opening out new opportunities for business. In glancing around us now, we see many on the road to fortune engaged in pursuits that a few years since were unknown here. Acquire the general knowledge and habits of business—then are applicable to all mercantile operations, and are the certain means to the benefit of an enterprising, for the building up of a business and the realization of riches.—*Philadelphia Advertiser.*

A NEW PHYSIOLOGICAL TEST OF INSANITY.

Peter A. Browne, Esq., in his examination as a witness, in the recent trial of Wesley Ormsbee, before Judge Hare, on a Traverse of a Commission of Lunacy, testified that his opinion of Mr. Ormsbee's sanity, formed from repeated conversations with him, on almost every subject, was confirmed by a subsequent examination of the state of the hair of his head. That from a careful and somewhat extensive study of the hair of the head, for the last eighteen years, he was able to point out a correlation between the physical condition and the mental manifestations of the individual. That in the course of his examinations in the hair of the head of an insane person. On pulling out (said Mr. Browne) a hair by the root from the head—the bottom of the root, or bulb, which is generally tinged, will be observed, through the microscope, to be visible in color, transparent, and either tapering to a point, and in shape resembling a pear, or else in the form of a club. That in the case of the sane, in all respects, different; the bottom is dark in color, neither transparent nor translucent, and distorted, bent, and irregular in shape and form. This change in the roots of the hair, Mr. Browne proceeded to say, That it is produced by bodily diseases, which has this effect upon the hair; that insanity of every kind is a bodily disease, and that this change in the hair is more generally found in insanity than by any other disease; that a person might not be insane when first presented these peculiarities, but subsequently, probably, from some bodily ailment; yet if the hair manifested no change, but presented the white, transparent and pear-shaped appearance of the bottom, the person was free not only from insanity, but from all other diseases touching the office. Such was the appearance of Mr. Ormsbee's hair under the microscope, and Mr. Browne declared on oath that this test was conclusive of his opinion in favor of his sanity.

Mr. Browne exhibited to the Jury many hundred specimens of hair collected from five hundred individuals, and testified that every specimen had the characteristics of insanity. He further testified that, from the investigations he had made, he had no doubt whatever of the theory he advocated, that it was based on evidence unquestioned, and confirmed by every observation he made.

From the position and character of Mr. Browne in this community and throughout the Union, as a gentleman of the highest attainments, especially on matters of Natural Science, this new physiological test of insanity, which, under the sanction of his oath, he has promulgated, deserves to be received with great regard. It is a matter of vital worth to many of the present members of the House of the Medical Faculty, of the gentlemen now assembled in this city who are connected with the various Insane Hospitals in the United States, and more especially of the people of Pennsylvania, who decided to permit that Peter A. Browne was born in their State, and now became of distinguished if by remembrance, experiments, and discoveries in science, worthy of Franklin or Rittenhouse.

In the course of his testimony, Mr. Browne referred to the peculiarities of hair which distinguished the different races of men:—the Mongolian or Chinese race, and the American Indian, having hair in form round or cylindrical; the Caucasian, European or white race, oval hair, and the negro race hair flat or ribbon-shaped.—That by the same marks of difference, he was enabled to decide on three different specimens of hair, sent to him from Virginia, a short time previous, to determine whether either of the parties to whom it belonged, and which, had negro blood, it being a matter of doubt, and important to be known, in a criminal trial then pending, as by the laws of Virginia, no person with negro blood can be a witness against a white person. Mr. Browne, on examining the hair, found that one had Indian blood, but no negro; one had negro blood, and one was doubtful whether there was any admixture with the white blood. These indices of races, I believe, have been before this published by Mr. Browne. It is due, however, to the interests of science that a fair and true statement, from one who heard the testimony of Mr. Browne, at Mr. Cresson's trial, should be made public, as it not only promotes useful inquiry on a very interesting subject, but may prevent any vacant mind from rushing the first laugh of ignorance at a misconceived view of the subject.—*Correspondent of Public Ledger.*

TREES AND FRUIT.

Horace Greeley, in a letter (in the New York Tribune) describing his trip from Liverpool to London, says:

"We came up to London by the 'Trent Valley Railroad,' through Crewe, Rugby, Tamworth, &c., avoiding all the great towns, and traversing (I am told) one of the finest Agricultural Districts of England. The distance is two hundred miles. The Railroads we traversed is no place to pass over at night on our own level, but are invariably carried under or over them, no matter at what cost; the face of the country is generally level; hills were visible at intervals, but

[illegible]

tain; I was assured that very little of the land I saw could be bought for three hundred dollars, while much of it is held at five hundred dollars or more per acre. Of course, it is good land, well cultivated, and very productive. Vegetation was probably more advanced here than in Westchester county, N. Y., or Morris county, N. J., though not in every respect. I estimated that two-thirds of the land I saw was in Grass, one-sixth in Wheat, and the residue devoted to Gardens, Trees, Oats or Barley, &c. There were few Potatoes to be seen, and I heard of but many cases. Hops and clumps of wood and shrubbery, which agreeably diversify the prospect as we are whirled rapidly along. Still, nearly all the wooded grounds I saw looked meagre and scanty, as though trees grew less luxuriantly here than with us, or (more probably) the best are cut out and sold as they arrive at maturity. Friends at home! I charge you to spare, preserve and cherish some portion of your primitive forests; for when these are cut away, I apprehend they will not easily be replaced. A second growth of trees is better than none, but it cannot rival the unconscious magnificence and stately grace of the Red Man's lost hunting grounds, at least for many generations. Traversing this comparatively treeless region, carried my thoughts back to the glorious magnificence and majesty of the still unscathed forests of Western New York, Ohio, and a good part of Michigan, which I had long ago rejoiced in, but which I never before prized as highly.—Some portions of these fast falling monuments of other days, ought to be reserved by public forecast from the pioneer's, the woodman's mercilless axe, and preserved for the admiration and enjoyment of future generations. Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, &c., should each purchase for preservation a tract of one to five hundred acres of the best forest land still accessible, (say within ten miles of their respective centres,) and gradually convert it into walks, drives, arbors, &c., for the recreation and solace of their citizens through all succeeding time.—Shall a portion be needed for cemetery or other utilitarian purposes, it may be set off when wanted; and eliminating a hallowed will adorn the near the means of going thither and returning at a small expense. If something of this sort is ever to be done, it cannot be done too soon; for the forests are annually disappearing, and the price of wood near our cities and business towns rapidly rising.

"I meant to have remarked, on this, the scarcity of Fruit throughout this region. I think there are fewer fruit trees in sight on the two hundred miles of railway between Liverpool and London, than on the forty miles of Harlem Railroad directly North of White Plains. I presume from various indications, that the Apple and Peach do not thrive here; and I judge that the English make less account of Fruit than we do, though we use it too sparingly and fitfully. If their climate is unfavorable to its abundant and perfect production, they have more excuse than those of us who are deprived of one of the choicest of Heaven's bounties."

We think the idea suggested in the above, respecting the preservation of portions of the best forest lands, a most excellent one. If it is adopted, future generations will have cause to bless us.

MAN'S PREROGATIVE.—The old friar who had taught him in his boyhood, had often explained to him that man was more exposed by the law to theft, and by the dog to loyalty, by the ass to indocility, by the elephant to strength, and by the ape to nimble mimicry; the parrot learns to speak, and the bull bows under the yoke no less than man. What, then, proves the superiority of man—what marks his difference from the beasts? nothing else than that he may be taught to borrow. The exclusive prerogative of man is to incur debts. The friar was looked up to by his friends as a learned man, and he often used to say to those who attentively listened to him; "A day will come when the truth of this distinction will generally be acknowledged, when civilization will be tested by the use the nations make of this greatest human prerogative—their credit; when the communities which have no debt will be called barbarians, and those will be the most powerful rulers of mankind, the missionaries to carry civilization all over the world, who have the largest national debt; though there will always be narrow-minded fools to preach financial reform, enemies of the constitution of mankind, and of their glorious privilege.—*Hungarian Tradition.*

☞ He is a wise man that can avoid an evil—he is a patient man that can endure it—but he is a valiant man that can conquer it.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1851.

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TERMS, &c.

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We treat our old friends, the Postmasters, well must therefore send out get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other individual and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, after the amount and manner of the small reprieve.*

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS.

The numerous shocking steamboat accidents on our Western waters, have naturally led the effort of directing public attention to some means by which they may be guarded against. Not the least ineffectual means that has been pursued, as it seems to us, is one recently suggested in the Legislature of Missouri, by Mr. T. E. Cornick, a member from Lincoln county. It is to PROHIBIT BY LAW THE INSURANCE OF STEAMBOATS. The following preamble and resolutions were offered by him, for the consideration of the Missouri House of Representatives:

Whereas, The practice which has prevailed, of insuring steamboats at the risk of Insurance Companies, has encouraged such abandoned officers as are naturally careless, to be more careless, and has made them careless to the extent of the risk insured against; and whereas losses have been, as it the qualifications of the persons employed by them to run boats, and has caused an apparent destruction of human life, by the inevitable upon the steamboats navigating the waters of the United States:

Be it Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Missouri, That it is the duty of the Congress of the United States to pass a law, which shall make it highly penal to insure the hull or engine of any steamboat plying upon the waters of the United States, from any one State to another.

Be it further Resolved, That our Senators in Congress be instructed and our Representatives requested, to introduce a Bill in Congress, to make highly penal the insuring of the hulls and engines of such steamboats as ply upon the waters of the United States, from any one State to any State.

Be it further Resolved, That the Governor of this State be requested to forward, with all convenient despatch, a copy of the foregoing resolutions, to each of the Senators and Representatives from this State, in the Congress of the U. States; and also a copy to the President of the United States, and a copy to the Governor of each State.

It is argued by Mr. Cornick, that if the owners of steamboats be prohibited from insuring them, it will at once turn their attention to the best means of preventing accidents either from fire, snags or explosion. Of course, the most capable and cautious captains and pilots would be secured, the boats would be made fire-proof, as far as possible, the boilers would be constructed with great care and frequently inspected, and a system of rules by which the faithful qualities would be rewarded, and caution, take the place of the rash and reckless spirit which seems almost to characterize the steamboat management of the West.

It seems impossible in this world to get that which is wholly good—a choice between imperfect systems seems to be the utmost that we can attain to. We can exchange at best one imperfection for another somewhat less important, and that is the province of the world. To this the Insurance System has its disadvantages as well as advantages. It tends to make men more cautious—especially in cases where their interest would be promoted by an accident. Often a fire clears out an old stock of goods, fast growing [illegible] and a passage into [illegible]. It is the same manner with steamboats. Mr. Cornick says:

It often happens that radical defects in the hull or engine of a steamboat, or in both, are known only to those interested. In such a case there is a strong temptation to hurry the boat for its trip, although one or both of its vitals are likely to blow her up, or sink her on the voyage. It we suppose this does not occur these happen, we at the same time suppose that those who command boats, are not like the rest of mankind, liable to temptation. I know that large numbers of them are too honorable to be thus influenced. I am glad to number many of this class among my personal acquaintance. But let that portion be ever so small, it is large enough to make a change in the system necessary.

At first thought one would say, that there is no reason so fiendish as deliberately to put at risk the lives of hundreds of his fellow beings, in order to make a few thousands of dollars; but when we remember that instances not only occasionally, but even frequently occur, where persons block a railroad track to throw off the cars, and then gratify a revengeful feeling against the owners of the road, or perhaps some conductor or engineer, at the risk of maiming for life or killing scores of passengers, we shall be disposed to take a less favorable view of human nature. We would not err upon the side of barbarism in judging our race, but facts prove that there are very many individuals who would put the crew and passengers of a boat at risk of their lives, to make a thousand dollars.

Mr. Cornick further says, that "the legislation of Congress upon the subject of steamboats, has, so far, been radically defective. The law which provided that inspectors of steamboats should examine them, and give certificates of the soundness of boats when they were sound, is defective in making it the interest of the inspector to give the certificate on all occasions: for he gets no fee unless he signs the certificate."

In conclusion, without fully committing ourselves to the support of the proposition of Mr. Cornick—for the subject is too new to us to admit of our coming to a final decision upon it—we think it deserving of the serious attention of the various people. If the abolition of steamboat insurance would, as is argued with so much force, substitute care, caution, and skillful foresight, in the place of that insane, inebriation, and inhuman recklessness which now characterizes the navigation of our Western waters, it certainly should be done by Congress, and that without delay.

THE PENDULUM EXPERIMENT.

We have received a communication from "S. B.," of Fort Jackson, N. Y., relative to what is passing so many people at this time—the pendulum experiment to demonstrate the earth's rotation. "S. B." cannot understand how the table can make a complete revolution around the pendulum, unless it was placed directly above one of the poles of the earth. Now this matter can be illustrated by resorting to a common terrestrial globe—in the manner described by a scientific correspondent of the "North American" of this city. He says:

In order to remove all doubts, let the inquirer refer to a common terrestrial globe. Let him bring any place under the brass meridian, and conceive a pendulum to be set in motion at that place from North to South. The brass meridian will evidently be in the plane of its vibration.—Revolve the globe either way through an arc of about 75 degrees, and then apply to the same place any straight line, a pencil for example, in a direction *parallel* with the brass meridian.—This pencil will, of course, describe the plane of the pendulum, being in a direction the same absolutely as before, but *changed with respect to the surface of the earth.* To render this still more plain, let us take an example. Bring the city of Philadelphia (on the globe) under the brass meridian; the pendulum being set in motion North and South, its vibration will be towards the edge of *Madame's Key*, but on the globe being turned 75 degrees to the East, and the pencil applied *parallel* to the brass meridian, it will be seen that the pendulum vibrates towards *Nova Scotia*. On continuing to revolve the globe, the variation will increase, until finally it shall be equal to 360 degrees. The same remarks apply if the pendulum be vibrated in any direction, on the attraction of the earth, it will be seen, does not at all interfere.

NOT MARRIED.

The New York paper contradict "by authority," the story that Jenny Lind is married to Belletti. Equally untrue, it is said, is the report of a personal rencontre between Belletti and a Kentuckian, in the Mammoth Cave. A number of persons, who persisted in following the visitors through all their subterranean rambles, nobly insisted on Jenny Lind's singing for their gratification, in one of the halls. This she gratifyingly declined doing, and that was the end of it.

AMUSING.

The Whigs in this city are having a funny time of it. The anti-Lords party are growing fast now, but a meeting on account of which all is found in our local column. The Lords-ites assert that the meeting was a failure—Given by W. B. Lords, the Collector of the Port, to Professor Agassiz, in which case we should say that the Lords-ites are correct. The Anti-Lords party say that the meeting was a success, and that quite a number of the Lords-ites were present. Be that as it may, it is certain that the Lords-ites are chagrined to see the members of the Anti-Lords party so much encouraged by the meeting. Mr. Lords, of course, is jubilant, that gentlemen and ambitionists were not present. On polling out (said Mr. Browne) a hair by the root from the head—the bottom of the root, or bulb, which is generally tinged, will be observed, through the microscope, to be visible in color, transparent, and either tapering to a point, and in shape resembling a pear, or else in the form of a club. That in the case of the sane, in all respects, different; the bottom is dark in color, neither transparent nor translucent, and distorted, bent, and irregular in shape and form. This change in the roots of the hair, Mr. Browne proceeded to say, That it is produced by bodily diseases, which has this effect upon the hair; that insanity of every kind is a bodily disease, and that this change in the hair is more generally found in insanity than by any other disease; that a person might not be insane when first presented these peculiarities, but subsequently, probably, from some bodily ailment; yet if the hair manifested no change, but presented the white, transparent and pear-shaped appearance of the bottom, the person was free not only from insanity, but from all other diseases touching the office. Such was the appearance of Mr. Ormsbee's hair under the microscope, and Mr. Browne declared on oath that this test was conclusive of his opinion in favor of his sanity.

Mr. Browne exhibited to the Jury many hundred specimens of hair collected from five hundred individuals, and testified that every specimen had the characteristics of insanity. He further testified that, from the investigations he had made, he had no doubt whatever of the theory he advocated, that it was based on evidence unquestioned, and confirmed by every observation he made.

From the position and character of Mr. Browne in this community and throughout the Union, as a gentleman of the highest attainments, especially on matters of Natural Science, this new physiological test of insanity, which, under the sanction of his oath, he has promulgated, deserves to be received with great regard. It is a matter of vital worth to many of the present members of the House of the Medical Faculty, of the gentlemen now assembled in this city who are connected with the various Insane Hospitals in the United States, and more especially of the people of Pennsylvania, who decided to permit that Peter A. Browne was born in their State, and now became of distinguished if by remembrance, experiments, and discoveries in science, worthy of Franklin or Rittenhouse.

In the course of his testimony, Mr. Browne referred to the peculiarities of hair which distinguished the different races of men:—the Mongolian or Chinese race, and the American Indian, having hair in form round or cylindrical; the Caucasian, European or white race, oval hair, and the negro race hair flat or ribbon-shaped.—That by the same marks of difference, he was enabled to decide on three different specimens of hair, sent to him from Virginia, a short time previous, to determine whether either of the parties to whom it belonged, and which, had negro blood, it being a matter of doubt, and important to be known, in a criminal trial then pending, as by the laws of Virginia, no person with negro blood can be a witness against a white person. Mr. Browne, on examining the hair, found that one had Indian blood, but no negro; one had negro blood, and one was doubtful whether there was any admixture with the white blood. These indices of races, I believe, have been before this published by Mr. Browne. It is due, however, to the interests of science that a fair and true statement, from one who heard the testimony of Mr. Browne, at Mr. Cresson's trial, should be made public, as it not only promotes useful inquiry on a very interesting subject, but may prevent any vacant mind from rushing the first laugh of ignorance at a misconceived view of the subject.—*Correspondent of Public Ledger.*

NEWSPAPER PERSONALITIES.

A disgraceful newspaper warfare has been recently waging in New York, between Col. Webb, of the "Courier and Enquirer," and Mr. F. W. Thomas, the author of "Clarence," &c. Mr. Webb left this country last year, on his mission to Austria, an article appeared in the "Home Journal," of a very disparaging character relative to his qualifications for such a post. The "London Times" having recently alluded to the Colonel in offensive terms, he, believing that Mr. Willis's article was at the bottom of the matter, took occasion to pay off the old score, by the publication of an editorial condemnatory of the conduct charges against the private character of Mr. Willis—accusing him of ruining a certain unnamed young lady, and thus killing her father with mortification, &c.

Colonel Webb seems entirely to have overlooked the effect which such a statement would have upon the lady implicated, her husband and children—and, as men generally do in such cases, entirely forget in his anger, that it is most unfit and culpable to gratify a revengeful spirit at the cost of those who are innocent.

But, putting this important consideration aside, we must condemn as a member of the editorial corps, the practice of lugging charges against private character into newspaper controversies. What an editor says in his newspaper, and what a public man does as a public man, are fitting matters for public discussion and animadversion. But to broach the secrets of a man's private life, and to expose the private acts of a lady to the scrutiny of a corrupt curiosity, or to install it in the most baleful of commonplaces. The most innocent or justifiable actions in a man's life, appertaining to the domestic relations, may be made to assume a criminal aspect by the cunning pen of an unscrupulous slanderer. The faults and vices of early youth, perhaps long and bitterly repented of, may be dragged by their obscurity to the light, when memory is but a repository of slime and scandal, and paraded before the world to pierce the heart of the husband and father, and degrade him in the eyes of his own children. To have recourse to such a mode of avenging yourself upon an adversary, is to abandon the weapons of honorable warfare, and resort to the poisoned dagger.

In the case we have alluded to, Colonel Webb found his own private character assailed in turn, by those to whom he had given offence. Doubtless he is convinced by this time, that he committed an error in making the charges he did against Mr. Willis, for he says in a recent number of his paper:—"In future, nothing short of a charge of *murder*, will ever induce us to trouble our readers with matters of a merely personal character; and we shall rely upon our past life, to satisfy any new slanders which malignity may devise."

Perhaps there is nothing that has so much tended to lower the character of the American press as these merely personal squabbles. We think there are scarcely a dozen papers in the country that could not be improved in this respect. When a case comes before the people to solicit office, his character to a certain extent is a rightful subject of public examination—extended beyond this, the liberty of the press becomes license. But some editors can scarcely discuss the commonest political question, without resorting in a short time to personalities of the grossest description. This common fault of the press should be amended. Public opinion should be brought to bear upon it, and those papers which are conducted with dignity and forbearance, should be patronized to the exclusion of those of an opposite description. To conduct a controversy upon any subject with courtesy and moderation, requires a man of ability and a gentleman, but to call names and descend to low personalities requires only a blackguard.

TO POETS.

The last number of "Fraser's Magazine," has the following excellent advice to young poets—or, rather, to the would-be poets, that so pester newspaper editors and the world:

Oh! sit still, and don't break the blessed silence by such noises as that. Sit still, and read your Homer, and your Shakspeare, and your Dante, and your Milton, and your Goethe, and learn to be modest, and to get some definite and fruitful meaning for your own words before you utter them. Stop writing, for the sake of you, for Heaven's sake, and do something—wish a hospital, teach in a ragged school, drive a locomotive, handle a felling-axe; or, if you can do nothing else, just jump over the nearest bridge, and see how you feel after it—do anything, in short, that will bring you face to face with one fact, with one simple, universal word, or object, or feeling, or human nature—the one, be sure which are just the deepest, and most useful, and most poetic, because they are common to you and to every soul-hearer. But turn sat no more into *Pierideses*—never no more; and with such cross, too!—as of a banner here on a rainy afternoon—because you, the supposed poet, are not as other men are. Proclaim no more to this Esoterician illumination, which after all you certainly do not possess, and of which the really great poets, if they do possess it, never talk.

We frequently receive pieces of "*original*" poetry, to which, if we were not unwilling to destroy the writer's feelings, we should reply as follows:

Dear Sir, or Madam

You prose is passable, and that is all. How ever it will not absolutely disgrace our columns, and we will therefore publish it, upon one condition—that you send us no more of your "poetical effusions."

Yours truly,

THE EDITOR.

For the manhood of the matter is, that it, in some soft-hearted and soft-headed moment, we were to publish one of these pieces, not a week would elapse before another from the same source would be down upon us, and we be to us before. Our rule therefore is, to publish no poetry which we do not believe worth publication. Our readers may rest agree with us always as to its being worthy of an introduction to the world, but if we think it is so, we publish it—and not otherwise. To add more to the enormous quantity of poor verse already before the public, is a crime we cannot think of wilfully committing.

NEW FEMALE COSTUMES.

In order to keep up with the movements of this very progressive age, we present to the view of our readers this week, two figures—one of a lady in coat and pants, according to the fashion set by the celebrated Miss Webster, of Brighton; the other of a young lady in short coat and petticoats, in the style of which so much has recently been said. As to the lady in coat and pants, we can say nothing in her favor.—we have told you before in the columns of this paper, that we are decidedly opposed to such a change in female costume, and we have seen nothing which could extract the objections we have made. Our opinion is that the proposed change would be productive of more evil than good. Not that we think that there is anything indecent in the dress, but we do think that it would be productive of a great deal of ridicule, which would be very disagreeable to the wearer. Besides, we do not believe that the change would be productive of any good. Women would not get up a fashion that we could not, in five minutes change into a comfortable, every day dress. We do not believe that any change which would extract the objections of a general character. Very few will notice that a dress looks two, three or four inches of the floor, provided others do; whereas, if being made in the fashion of an hour-glass, but the wearer of a full petticoat, and in which she could walk with all unbecomingness and inconvenience. We can walk, and climb, and dance with ease and comfort in a well-trimmed bodice dress, very long in front, short behind, because we make it to fit the waist instead of the waist to fit the bodice. Long skirts are so terrible to us, because we have to drag them unnecessarily heavy, and make them to rest upon the shoulders.

Those who believe a radical change is necessary to alter the present absurd, unideal fashions, and who have the courage to agree for that purpose, the "to all credit for so supporting it. Four years ago, we had a hideous fashion of dress, but not content with the extravagance of pervading every house in small sweeping dresses with their skirts in the out flare of all the town; but in our mind, the dress is, and always will be, a matter of taste, and it will take more than to make us feel that a woman who has refined taste and judgment in dress, with her long, full skirts are as handsomely attired as the most fashionable lady would not look at her twice. Long skirts are as gracefully and edge in the mind of an Englishman, with a sweet of jealousy.

A New York correspondent of the "Inquirer" of this city, says:—

I saw this morning, for the first time, the new costume adopted by some of the ladies; and I must say I was not very much disappointed. The lady wearing it, was on the way to your city, and I crossed the Jersey City ferry on the same boat with her. She was a young lady of about twenty years of age, and a most graceful figure; the dress reaching just below the knees, and the Turkish trousers of the same material, and around the ankles were placed a blanket of sash covered, and the effect was very good. The petticoat was of a pretty light color, and the whole dress was looped up gracefully, giving them a very appearance. I do not think, however, that it altogether so well as the old fashions. It does very well when the ladies are determined to show the breeches at home, but I do not think it would be proper to wear them in the street. A handsome dress of the prevailing style, and those which sweep the streets, is, after all, the most modest in which the female form can be attired.

The lady above alluded to, or perhaps another of the "pantalette" school, has since reached Philadelphia and been seen in our streets, where she made a great sensation. We regret to say, however, that we have not yet enjoyed the pleasure of encountering her. We should feel flattered in receiving a call, that we may be able to inform our quarter of a million of *readers* (not subscribers) *that she is "exquisitely simple and graceful,"* as a Syracuse correspondent of a New York paper asserts.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The most important news from Europe since our last, is that a commercial panic pervaded the Liverpool Cotton Market, and that a further decline of three-eighths to one-half penny per pound had taken place. Fair Orleans is now quoted at 6¾@6¾d. The advance of sixpence on flour, had not been sustained. Wheat was dull, but corn very firm.

As to the general news, it is reported that the King of Naples is dead, and that Queen Isabella, of Spain, had broken her leg in getting out of a carriage. The news of the success of the Sultan's favorite Invention in Persia is confirmed.

In England, the Great Exhibition is still well attended, notwithstanding the rainy weather. The average daily receipts for some days before the selling of the "Bible," had been about four thousand dollars.

The English History have to undergo every week or two, the mortification of being converted. Another Lord has refused to take part in the aristocratic work, or lots, or needle-work, or harness, that will compare with those we display upon our own persons. Our plenty will be sent to the Old Country, and more than to rest upon the shoulders.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Mr. Riddle, the American agent at the World's Fair, keeps up as in duty bound a stout heart, in the midst of the almost universal misgiving of the Americans in London that we are completely distanced. He says:

Our contributions are not against us, and unique. They are abundant enough to give some idea of our resources, ingenious enough to show our skill, and superior enough in quality to prove our capabilities. We have a better machine, and one more being the largest machine within the building. We have a clearer conception of the effects to result from every other machine. We are greatly surpassed in every England in agricultural implements. We can by one sample of our cutlery by the side of Sheffield's thousand specimens, not carry off a prize. France has not sent a hundredth part of Russia and Sweden have not contributed a bushel of wheat; the Indies have not furnished a barrel of rice; London has not displayed a paper-hanging, or a chemical, or a carpet, or a piano, or a cabinet, or a stair work, or lasts, or needle-work, or harness, that will compare with those we display upon our own persons. Our pianos will be sent home, and we have scores of barrels of flour altogether unequalled. We have carpenters' tools in abundant variety, far before other nations. And in the combination of wood with iron, in planes, saws, and tobacco, and all the finest grains, we stand where we ought.

He also says that the Exhibition is not to close before the Autumn—perhaps as late as the first of November, and that articles from the United States will be admitted up to the first of August. He is exceedingly desirous that America should "do better"—not that she has not done well, but that she might do so much more. He says:

From the workshops, manufactories, and households of the Northern States, and from the plantations of the Southern States, and from the great markets all along our seacoast, there is yet time to send to this great gathering of the peaceful arts of our country, to fully represent us in what we are not represented now.

Flaxseed, cloths, calicoes, cambrics, shoes, hats, hosiery, tools, machinery, (not for steam engines, for we have not to further prove that,) cutlery, nails, muskets, swords, glassware, cotton, tobacco, rice, tarred cordage, and I know not what else of our vast resources, are not here, fully to impress upon the nations gathered upon this spot what we really are as a nation. Even at the late day at which shipments made would arrive, we should be but little, if at all, in the rear, in point of time, of many European nations. And I have this to say, that could our countrymen be here upon this spot for but a single day, and witness the regret that every American feels in the full consciousness of the greatness of his country, and hear the many inquiries addressed to us by the subjects of other nations, they would be astonished at the [illegible] of Algiers, which arrived in Paris that day, containing the famous telegraph despatch of the 16th sent from Paris on the 15th." We believe that neither of the Generals have yet taken the slightest public notice of these charges.

A Frederg paper says that the Turkish Porte has declared that it assumes the obligation of retaining in custody Kossuth, his wife, Count Batthyani, Meszlenie and Moritz Perczel, Asbath, Perczenan, Lubry and Wisnicky, and makes their fate dependent on further transactions with Austria. This does not come very straight, and may be, as we hope it is, an error.

THE NAVY.

An officer (probably an under one) writing from the ship Independence, complains of the bad conduct of the men in the Mediterranean Squadron, since the abolition of corporeal punishment. He says:

Thefts, drunkenness and desertion (or wind is termed taking French leave, that is leaving the ship for a few days without permission) are much more frequent than common, and the officers, therefore, have a harder time than ever. Confined preserve even tolerable discipline, and until Congress adopt a more efficient mode of punishment than mere confinement, those scamps (mostly landsmen and boys) will continue to laugh at all order, for what is thirty or sixty days in a prison-room in irons to such men, many of them *boasting of having served five and six years in a State Prison?* There are at present thirty of these fellows confined in this ship, of which fourteen are for stealing their shipmates' clothes, and carrying them on shore to sell for rum.

Of course the change may work badly two or while, in certain cases. The navy had become so odious to many high-spirited seamen, on account of its flogging and bastoning, that the crews of our national ships often have had to be completed from the silkmerings of society, as it appears was the case in the above instance. But men who can "insert" of having "*served five or six years on a State Prison,*" are not fit men, we think, to man our national vessels either in peace or war. The officers' quarters will be more particular what kind of a crew they enlist, and a much larger proportion of the better class of seamen will in future be willing to serve—for the navy is preferable to the merchant service, as far as work is concerned.

As a proof that the law will work well, with a fair trial, we see it stated that on board the U. S. Corvette Jamestown, with a complement of more than two hundred men, now in commission more than a month, *not a single man has been reported for disobedience, neglect of duty, or intemperance.* It always speaks well for the officers of a vessel, when they can keep their men in good order even without flattering, to say nothing of coaxing and flogging constantly. It proves that they have some of the "born-to-command" metal in them, and are not "out of their true sphere."

THE DROP GAME.

We might suppose that, by this time, every man, woman and child, in the country, knew what the "Drop Game" meant; but it is evident that from such accounts as the following, which frequently appear in the daily papers of our large cities, that many persons are still ignorant of this common trick of swindlers. The "Boston Museum" says:

A merchant from Athens, Mo., was sold in this city, last week, in the tune of forty-five dollars, on the "drop game." A stranger approaches him, having just found a pocket-book filled with brown paper, with figures of tens and twenties sticking out at the ends, and being in a hurry to take the cars, the merchant concluded to give him forty-five dollars, and find the owner. It strange that any one can be found who is so decidedly verdant as to purchase a pocket-book, without looking into it.

Now, dear reader—if we have a reader who never heard of this mode of swindling—that above is called the "Drop Game." The man who finds the pocket-book (or a confederate,) "drops" the pocket book, and "picks up" and "closes out" a greenhorn if he can.

MR. TUPPER.

Mr. M. F. Tupper, or Martin Farquhar Tupper, as he prefers to call himself, has gone back to England. He is a talented, kind-hearted, and worthy gentleman, and his escape of self-confidence was highly entertaining. Going to the census of this faculty he sometimes imagines that he is a more important individual than he really is, which places him in a false position, both to his own confusion, and the regret of a friendly and tender-hearted public.

A GOOD ARTICLE.

We call the attention of our business readers to the article on the "Constitution of Trade" in another column. We fully agree with the writer of that article, in his view of the present situation of capital. While we do not believe there ever was a time when money was more plenty, and consequently cheaper, than at present, we do not believe that the present low rate of interest will benefit the speculator, but we do believe that it will benefit the industrious portion of the community, by giving them employment. Now, we don't say that the "Constitution of Trade" is entirely correct, but we do say that it contains a good deal of truth, and that the best substitute we can suggest is to follow the advice given by the writer of the article referred to.

New Publications.

TO PUBLISHERS.

Our publishing friends will please excuse us—we are behind-hand with our books; we have; but it cannot be helped for the present. In a week or two we will endeavor to give the usual number of book notices.

Graham's Magazine.

"Gladiator" for June contains an engraving of "Christ Disputing with the Doctors," "The Dueling Loop," and the "Bad and Blameless"—the second named is for the best. Among the literary contents we notice an article on "American Literature," by D. R. Redner; "The Summer Camp," by Bayard Taylor; "The Money Maker," by Jane G. Campbell; "Charles Brockden Brown," by H. T. Tuckerman, a poem to Jenny Lind, by G. P. R. James, &c., &

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-TYPING HOUSE AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

No. 66 Ghesnut Street (Second Story), Philad'a,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the interests of Mrs. Southworth's Novelists, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories than the pens of other well-known writers. We have three now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

The Lone Hand, by T. S. Arthur.

The Bonne of the Bretons, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Rob Cap," &c.

The Texas Ranger, by G. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Ocean of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

MAY-DAY ODE.

Thackeray has written a poem of considerable length, upon the opening of the London Exhibition. It is scarcely worthy publication entire, and therefore we give the concluding verse, which are the best:

Our brethren across the Atlantic tides,
Leading the gallant decks which once
Roared a defiance to our guns
With peaceful arms;
Symbol of peace, their round sides!
O'er English waves dost Star and Stripe,
And fans their friendly anchors gripe
The father shore!

From Rhine and Danube, Rhone and Seine,
From Switzerland's summits cold and green,
The swelling floods of nations rush,
And onward pour;
From coast to coast in friendly chain,
With countless ships we bridge the strain,
And eagre Ocean separates
Europe no more.

From Mississippi and from Nile—
From Baltic, Ganges, Bosphorus,
In England's Ark assembled thus
Are found and guest.
Look down, the mighty result scan,
And see the auspicious banquet set,
The brotherhood of nations met
Around the feast:

I feel a thrill of love and awe
To mark the different garb of each
The changing tongue, the various speech
Together blent.
A thrill, methinks, like His who saw
"All people dwelling upon earth,
" Praising our God with tuneful mouth
" And one consent."

Along the dazzling colonade,
As far as straining eye can gaze,
Gleam crown and fountain, bell, and vase,
In vistas bright.
And statues fair of nymph and maid,
And swords and pards and Amazons,
Writhing and grappling in the bronze,
In endless fight.

To deck the glorious roof and dome,
To make the Queen a canopy,
The peaceful boasts of industry
Their standard bear.
You see the works of Sevenson's loom;
On such a web of Persian thread
The desert Arab hows his head,
And cries his prayer.

Look yonder where the engines toil,
These England's arms of conquest are,
The trophies of her bloodless war;
Brave weapons these.
Victorious over wave and soil,
With these she rails, she weaves, she tills,
Pierces the everlasting hills,
And spans the seas.

The engine roars upon its race,
The shuttle whirrs along the wood,
The people hum from floor to roof,
With Babel tongue.
The fountain in the basin plays,
The chanting organ echoes clear,
An awful chorus 'tis to hear,
A wondrous song!

Swell organ, swell your trumpet blare,
March, Queen's and Royal Grenadier regiment, march,
By splendid aisle and springing arch
Of this fair Hall:
And see! above the fabric vast,
God's boundless Heaven is beading blue,
God's peaceful Sun is beaming through
And shining over all.

Varieties.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

Mr. Anderson, and not Mr. Walter of this city, is the Architect of the plan for extending the Capitol building at Washington. A correspondent of the New York Tribune, says of this plan:—

The air is to be admitted under ground, filtered through water, rarified in winter by means of hot water, and thus forced into the house, and admitted into the halls. It is to be passed up through pipes built in the walls into a horizontal valve round the ceiling. The purified air is to discharge at the shaft of the ventilator, which surrounds the ceiling. The vitiated air is to be withdrawn through a perforated cast metal floor, by means of a pump. Four ventilating shafts in each wing are also provided, through which the carbonic acid gas will discharge when the air pump is not in operation, forming a double means of ventilation, so as to command a pure and temperate atmosphere in the halls at all seasons.—The ingress and egress of air, and the temperature can be adjusted to a nicety, as the number in the house shall require, without at all interfering with the acoustics of the apartments, as there will be no currents produced by open windows to incommode those who may be present. Any quantity of pure air can be forced up by connecting the valves with the fresh air chambers. This principle of ventilation is supported by Professors Arnot and Hood, of London; Professor Reid, of Edinburg; Doctor Bell, of Boston; and recommended to Henry Bernard's work on Public Schools. Notes from the exterior is excluded, there being a corridor around the halls, communicating with offices on each side, and an audience chamber, and two conference rooms behind the chair, with private doors to them, communicating with the stenograph offices, which latter stand behind the reporters' galleries on each side of the chair. Mr. Anderson is worthy the gratitude of the press for this very convenient arrangement, and we trust his ingenuity will be duly appreciated. By a simple and mechanical arrangement the vote is conveyed all over the house and to the galleries, on the principle practiced in the French theatres. The public galleries are extensive and easy of access from the different quarters, the stairs being placed in the old building. There are private stairs from the gravel in front for the members to enter both wings. The new wings are connected with the present building by lobbies outside the doors of the new Hall and Senate Chamber. The wings extend about one hundred feet East of the present building, and about twenty feet West, so as not to interfere with the terrace, which forms such a beautiful feature on that side. They will project about one hundred and fifty feet on each side, North and South, having a fine portion in the centre with eight fronts, four looking North and East, and South. There are three such portions on the East, and two square additions to the Library projection on the West, surmounted with portions for the public to ascend, from which both the city and surrounding scenery can be viewed; these portions are accessible from the upper floor by the new wings to the Library.

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Battle of New Orleans.—The late Major Davezac stated that, on the morning after the battle of New Orleans, twelve bridled robbins were placed on the breakfast table, prepared for General Jackson and his suite, which had been shot with a rifle, *through the head*, by one of the Kentucky Riflemen, who had been in the confliction; he had fired thirteen times and missed his thing his bird in the head, only once! This circumstance being soon known in the neighborhood, a certificate of the fact was requested and obtained from Gen. Jackson and his aids, by the British officers, that, by such evidence, on their return to England, they might exhibit to their Government the character of the enemy at New Orleans.

A Convenient Article.—A garment has been recently invented in France, which suggests itself as a most convenient article for gentlemen whose stock of linen is rather limited. It is called the Revolver Shirt. By turning round a little, to the right or left, it is made to display, in succession, the following round of fronts, viz.: 1. A colored front, *pour la matinée*. 2. A plain front, *pour la promenade*. 3. A dress front, *pour l'Opera, or in ball*. and 4. A dishabille front, *pour la nuit*; thus admirably combining four shirts in one.—Could anything be more economical?

☞ Horace Greeley, we perceive, has been appointed Chairman of one of the Juries of the World's Fair.

THE OFFICIAL CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Washington Republic publishes the following official announcement of the Seventh Census of the United States:—

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES—APPORTIONMENT OF REPRESENTATIVES.

States.	White population.	Free colored population.	Total free.	Slaves.	Federal Representative population.	No. of Reps.	Fractions.
Alabama,	426,514	2,039	428,753	342,894	599,207	5	79,207
Arkansas,	191,781	608	192,389	47,100	209,939	2	9,939
California,	92,597	962	93,559	—	93,559	—	3,441
Connecticut,	363,099	7,419	370,518	—	370,518	3	40,518
Delaware,	71,169	17,062	88,231	2,290	89,376	—	89,376
Florida,	47,203	932	48,135	39,310	71,655	—	71,655
Georgia,	381,682	2,931	384,613	381,682	702,134	7	47,134
Indiana,	988,416	8,936	988,752	—	988,752	6	61,752
Illinois,	846,034	5,436	851,470	—	851,470	5	51,470
Iowa,	191,881	1,050	192,931	—	192,931	1	92,931
Kentucky,	761,413	10,011	771,424	210,981	829,905	6	53,905
Louisiana,	376,271	17,462	393,733	244,809	515,737	4	55,737
Maine,	581,937	1,356	583,293	—	583,293	3	49,293
Massachusetts,	985,450	9,064	994,514	—	994,514	7	91,514
Maryland,	417,762	74,853	492,615	90,368	498,984	4	84,984
Michigan,	391,236	706	395,942	2,235	396,177	3	33,177
Mississippi,	295,190	1,367	296,557	309,878	464,817	3	4,191
Missouri,	592,004	2,547	594,551	—	594,551	4	82,551
New Hampshire,	317,456	538	317,994	—	317,994	2	77,994
New Jersey,	465,509	6,537	472,046	674	472,720	3	55,720
New York,	3,048,279	47,449	3,095,728	—	3,095,728	23	64,728
North Carolina,	553,028	27,463	580,491	288,548	724,665	5	63,665
Ohio,	1,955,851	25,279	1,981,130	—	1,981,130	21	2,030
Pennsylvania,	2,899,884	53,626	2,953,510	—	2,953,510	25	68,510
Rhode Island,	143,924	3,543	147,467	—	147,467	1	47,467
South Carolina,	274,791	8,960	283,751	384,925	442,189	3	12,189
Tennessee,	767,249	6,280	773,529	280,510	862,310	6	69,310
Texas,	139,121	397	139,518	58,550	168,293	1	68,293
Vermont,	313,736	719	313,949	—	313,949	3	24,301
Virginia,	894,169	49,264	943,433	472,528	1,182,173	13	9,741
Wisconsin,	305,391	635	306,026	—	306,026	3	30,026
District of Columbia,	10,417,702	409,305	19,827,007	3,173,989			
Territories.	36,067	6,973	43,040	2,907			
Minnesota,	6,192	—	6,192				
New Mexico,	61,632	—	61,632				
Oregon,	50,001	—	50,001				
Utah,	50,000	—	50,000				
	19,666,726	419,172	20,087,898	3,173,989	21,620,021	218	
Representatives allowed for fractional numbers, nevertheless,						2	
Whole number of Representatives under the next apportionment,						220	

* Three States have a Representative added to the number of apportionment.
† Including 750 civilized Indians.

RECAPITULATION.

	Total free population.	Slaves.	Representative population.
Free States,	13,555,787	119	13,555,906
Slave States,	6,393,727	3,170,763	9,564,490
District and Territories,	199,785	3,107	
	20,087,299	3,173,989	21,620,021
Total free population,			20,087,299
Slaves,			3,173,989
Ratio of Representation,			93,799

General News.

THE METHODIST CHURCH CASE.

This important trial is now in progress at New York. Whatever the decision may be, the case will probably be carried up to the Supreme Court. We find the following statement of the opening of the trial in the New York Commercial Advertiser:

The United States Circuit Court room was thronged at an early hour this morning with persons desirous of hearing the argument in the controversy between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Among them we noticed several clergymen of various denominations, and the gallery, last, was occupied by a number of ladies. Judges Nelson and Betts took their seats on the bench at ten o'clock, and the counsel for the parties soon made their appearance at the bar. Besides the clergy present, Rev. Drs. Early, Pierce, Smith; Northern clergy present, Rev. Drs. Scott, Durbin, Peck, Kennaday.

The title of the cause is Henry R. Bascom and others vs. George Lane and others, and the complaint is filed in equity for the purpose of enforcing a division of the funds of the Methodist Book Concern. It is for Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore, and Daniel D. Lord, Esq., of this city, appeared for the complainants, Mr. Webster, who is also counsel, was engaged elsewhere.

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Mr. Lord then read the complaint. After which Mr. Johnson (a son of the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, we believe,) read a portion of the answer, and Mr. H. L. Fancher concluded the reading of the same. The reading of the application was then gone with.

Mr. Lord here stated that Bishop Bascom having died since the bringing of the suit, he had obtained a consent from the defendants to substitute the name of the Rev. William A. Smith, as one of the plaintiffs—and an order of the Court, making such substitution, was accordingly made.

Mr. Lord commenced his argument by stating that Emory's History, the Book of Discipline, the printed journals of the Conferences prior to 1840, the manuscript journals of the Conference prior to 1840, and other documents were to be introduced as evidence, by agreement between the parties.

He then read extracts from the Book of Discipline of 1840, page 198; Dr. Emory's History, under the year 1800; the Articles of Religion; the Six Restrictive Articles; Wesley's Letter to Dr. Coke, Mr. Francis Asbury and the brethren in North America, &c.; and had not finished reading the authorities upon which his argument is to be founded, when we left.

On the 22nd inst. Mr. Lord concluded his argument, contending that the separation of the Northern and Southern Divisions was an inevitable necessity, and that considering the state of feeling in the Church, it was the only measure that could have been done. He proceeded to argue however, that there was nothing in the act of "secession" rightfully depriving the Southern members of its share in the Book Concern. Hon. Reverdy Johnson, for complainants, said a few words, as to the authorities he intended to quote in his argument. Mr. Fancher, for defence, consumed the rest of the day in reading documentary evidence.

To show the extent of this Church in the United States, it appeared by a statement made at the opening of the trial, that it is a voluntary institution, and unincorporated; that it consists of 7 bishops, 4,828 preachers—and in bishops, ministers and members under the organization in the United States, 1,100,000. Of these about 689,000 belong to the North, and 445,000 to the Church South.

A Singular Story.—For the following somewhat suspicious story we are indebted to the Milwaukie Wisconsin, of the 10th:

Mrs. Phelps, wife of Col. A. P. Phelps, of Oak Grove, died in August of 1847, and was buried in the yard of her son, at Oak Grove, Dodge county.

Subsequently, Col. Phelps having taken up his residence at Rantin, on the Fox River, desired to remove the body of his wife to that place, and, accordingly, the body was disinterred for that purpose. The grave had been dug unusually wide, and a plank laid across the bottom, under the coffin, to prevent the dirt from pressing upon it. The body had been buried three years, seven months and eleven days, at the time of the disinterment. On opening the grave, the coffin, which was made of pine, and inclosed in an oak box, was found very heavy, so much so, as to require the strength of five men, with ropes, to raise it. On first opening it to the surface, it was opened by Mr. Phelps, and the body discovered to be in a perfect state of preservation. A large chisel, used in opening, was tried upon the body with no more effect than if applied to brick or stone. The coffin was pecuniarily filled, and the body as hard and solid as a rock. The face and neck, when the coffin was laid out, with the head slightly inclined to one side, and one arm a little fallen from its original position, probably occasioned by the conveyance. The perfect state of the corpse, on that occasion, that the husband could at once recognize her easily among a thousand corpses. His designs immediately erecting an ample brick structure around the grave; and as this striking evidence of the wonder-workings of nature, may be thought worthy of scientific examination and inquiry; he is disposed to let those of the curious, who may so desire it, take such a view of the corpse, as it appears in the coffin, as they may prefer.

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Destruction of the Wheat.—The wheat in the centre and Southern portion of Ohio is most seriously injured by the late frosts, especially the early sown. Thousands of acres may be seen, red at top, yellow at bottom, and wholly suspended in its growth. It has commenced sprouting from the root, and will throw up new heads probably, if the weather should be favorable, and make, perhaps, a half-crop, but not of perfect grain. Late sown wheat promises well —*Ohio Statesman, 17th inst.*

The Wheat crop in Delaware never looked finer, the Republic says.

Presbyterian General Assembly, Old School.—In the Presbyterian General Assembly to-day, a communication was received and read, including the late correspondence between the General Association of Massachusetts, relative to the action of that body upon the subject of slavery. After some discussion, it was referred to the appropriate Committee.

Charleston, S. C., was selected as the place of next meeting, by a large majority. Rev. Messrs. Leland and Wilson, of that State, giving it as their opinion, that South Carolina would still be, at that period, one of the United States.

Interesting to Telegraphers.—For some time, the line from Brandstown to Quincy, Ill., has been working very badly, and lately it was found impossible to get a despatch through at all. The difficulty was at length discovered; the wire had caught in a large Lombardy poplar tree at Jacksonville, where it was crushed by a new growth of woody matter, the wire oxydized entirely in two, and the two ends so completely enveloped by the new-grown wood, as to be pulled out with much difficulty.

Accident at Niagara Falls.—While two boys were playing on the bank of the Niagara River, upon the Canadian side, on Monday morning week, one fell into the river, was soon borne out into the rapids, and before assistance could reach him, was swept over the Falls. His father saw him when he fell, and in vain endeavored to rescue the little fellow. After passing the precipice he was seen no more.

Presbyterian General Assembly.—Settlement of the Slavery Question.—The New School General Assembly has had an animated debate on the slavery question, and has rejected an amendment and passed the Committee's Report, leaving the Church just where she was pleased by the action of last year.

POLITICAL NEWS.

☞ The Legislature of Massachusetts has decided not to abolish capital punishment, by a vote of 97 to 172. This is an increased vote, however, in favor of its abolition since the last trial.

Brigham Abroad.—The following appears in a Michigan paper:—"Democrats of Ionia—If you are willing, (smile!) If you are cussin, (snore!) If you are voting, (walk!) If you are walking, (run!) If you are running, *fly to the rescue!*"

☞ A new paper entitled the "Abolition Patriot," is about to be established in New York, by Messrs. Williams & Pratt-ward. It will support Gen. Scott for the next Presidency.

☞ The Democratic Convention which met at Salem, Massachusetts, recently adopted a series of resolutions embodying a distinct organization in opposition to the Free Soilers. The Hon. E. J. Rivers, of Salem, was nominated for Congress. A great deal of harmony and spirit characterized the Convention.

The President's Receptions.—The President was received with all due honor in his native State,—only two things occurring to disturb his equanimity. As Utica the Mayor's address was coldly received with Free Soilism; while in Albany one of the banners was inscribed "Our own dear Fillmore," the adjective being underscored. Such things will however occur sometimes in the "best regulated families." The President has arrived safe at Washington.

☞ The Massachusetts Legislature has adjourned. The proposition to remove the Seat of Government from Boston to Worcester, was, after some debate, laid upon the table. The proposition to grant the aid of the State in building the Portland and Halifax Railway, was finally referred to the next Legislature.

☞ The Hon. John P. Hale is engaged in defend Elisur Wright and others in the approaching Shadrach rescue case—Judge Allen having declined on account of ill health.

☞ The Senate anti-slavery resolutions have been laid on the table in the Massachusetts House by three majority. The discussion upon them was quite animated.

Quite a stringent Bill from the House against selling Rogue, has been laid on the table in the Senate.

Webster at Buffalo.—Mr. Webster made a speech at Buffalo, in relation to his course on the slavery question, in which he said:

We have taken our oath to support the Constitution; are we to tamper with that? Are we to falter? He spoke of no compromise. If the South wished any concession from him, they would not get it,—not a hair's breadth. If they came to his house for it, they would not get it.

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The Colored Question.—In the Protestant Episcopal Convention, recently in session in this city, a resolution was offered by Judge Conyngham, of Luzerne county, to instruct the Secretary to enter upon the minutes the names of the clergy and vestrymen from the Church of the Crucifixion, in this church, which is located in the vicinity of Eighth and Bedford streets, has a congregation of colored persons, but has sent to the Convention its pastor, the Rev. Mr. Steadman, (white) and Messrs. Charles E. Lex and Alfred Potter, (also white) as Delegates. When the roll was called the above names were omitted by the Secretary, and this omission gave rise to the resolution made by Judge Conyngham. The chair objected, urged in favor of admission of the clergy and vestrymen of the Church of the Crucifixion was that, notwithstanding the representatives were white citizens, the congregation sending them was colored, and that if they were admitted, it would open the way for the other colored Church in the city (which has heretofore agreed to stay out,) to make application for seats to this or some future meeting of the Convention. The motion gave rise to a long and animated debate, and was finally laid upon the table, by a decided majority. Judge Conyngham, we are informed, then withdrew his motion, and the matter was allowed to rest.

Against Upon the Spanish Consul.—The Spanish Consul was assailed in the streets of New Orleans, on the 21st, and severely beaten by a young Spaniard, who conceives himself aggrieved by a letter from the Consul to the Governor-General of Cuba, accusing him of being concerned in the Cuban Expedition.

☞ Mr. Palmo's new discovery is to convert atmospheric air into gas, at a very small expense. The "Worcester Spy" says: "We think the expense of a light from a common argand burner could not exceed one mill or so per hour. The apparatus for lighting a large house will occupy but little room, scarcely more than a large-sized gas meter. Men of science and Gas Company Directors have, within a few days, given the whole matter a thorough investigation, and so far, we believe that there is but one opinion in regard to the invention, viz.: that it is the one thing needed, to give a safe, unfailing supply of light, at a merely nominal expense, free from all danger of explosion, and accessible to the use of all."

☞ The Irish Exile states that Messrs. O'Doherty, M'Manus and O'Donoghue had forfeited their tickets of leave for going beyond the bounds prescribed for them to pay their respects to Mr. W. S. O'Brien. They were reduced to the state of common convicts, dressed in the convict dress, and consigned to hard labor at Tasman's Peninsular.

☞ Beaman Bent.—Mrs. Fish, of Kneeking notoriety, has commenced suit against C. G. Bent, for slander. Mr. Tiffany is her attorney. The damages are laid at $10,000, and the case will prove a spicy one.

☞ A foot race of ten miles was run at St. Louis on the 14th inst., for a purse of $400, between the American Deer, Jackson, and the Indian Indian, Cotton. The race was won by Jackson, who made the ten miles in 59 m. 54s., beating Cotton 1m. 24s.—his time being 10m. 13s.—Both, it will be seen, ran the ten miles under an hour.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States; assisted by *J. R. Smith, J. T. Bent, James Taylor, Francis Wade, W. Bunting, Dr. Bell's Widow, Alex. B. Lewis, B. K. Greene, and C. R. Johnson.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by *James G. Lewis and D. R. Gardner.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 192 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Wild, John Collins, James Darrow, A. Bird Wellington, R. A. Brown, John T. Judkins, P. Lisle, Jas. Roberts, Geo. P. Bowers, and Thos. B. Hay.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, &c. &c. &c. for the New York State.

JUSTUS WEBB, &c. &c. and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

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Butter candles, and be deserved
A thousand times by housekeepers fine,
Than once learn a the concourt,
Or let suspicion rise repose.

☞ *If you ourselves* those who call themselves Infidels, who exclaim against popular prejudices, boastful of their incredulity, and deifying you to satisfy or to silence them, you will, for the most part, find that they have but certain old and vulgar doubts, which have been current in all times, and still continue to be so.—*Montesinos.*

☞ John Neal, Esq., of Portland, who has obtained notoriety by his peculiarities as a man and an author, has, it is said, published a violent article in one of the Portland (Me.) papers, denouncing Theatres as places unfit for moral and religious people to frequent, and expressing great compunction for ever having written in favor of the Drama.

☞ Sir Philip Sydney says: "Laws are not made like lime twigs or nets, to catch everything that toucheth them; but rather like sea-marks, to guide and preserve the ignorant passenger." I think Sir Philip would have been nearer right, if he had left out the "not" in the above.

☞ The face of Truth is not the less fair for all the counterfeit visards that have been put upon her.

☞ Religion is no longer what it used to be, and ought to be,—a thousand-voiced Psalm from the heart of man to his invisible Father, the fountain of all Goodness and Beauty and Truth; object-seen, urged in a profession of the clergy and vestrymen of the Church of the Crucifixion was that, notwithstanding the representatives were white citizens, the congregation sending them was colored, and that if they were admitted, it would open the way for the other colored Church in the city (which has heretofore agreed to stay out,) to make application for seats to this or some future meeting of the Convention. The motion gave rise to a long and animated debate, and was finally laid upon the table, by a decided majority. Judge Conyngham, we are informed, then withdrew his motion, and the matter was allowed to rest.

To show the extent of this Church in the United States, it appeared by a statement made at the opening of the trial, that it is a voluntary institution, and unincorporated; that it consists of 7 bishops, 4,828 preachers—and in bishops, ministers and members under the organization in the United States, 1,100,000. Of these about 689,000 belong to the North, and 445,000 to the Church South.

A Singular Story.—For the following somewhat suspicious story we are indebted to the Milwaukie Wisconsin, of the 10th:

Mrs. Phelps, wife of Col. A. P. Phelps, of Oak Grove, died in August of 1847, and was buried in the yard of her son, at Oak Grove, Dodge county.

Subsequently, Col. Phelps having taken up his residence at Rantin, on the Fox River, desired to remove the body of his wife to that place, and, accordingly, the body was disinterred for that purpose. The grave had been dug unusually wide, and a plank laid across the bottom, under the coffin, to prevent the dirt from pressing upon it. The body had been buried three years, seven months and eleven days, at the time of the disinterment. On opening the grave, the coffin, which was made of pine, and inclosed in an oak box, was found very heavy, so much so, as to require the strength of five men, with ropes, to raise it. On first opening it to the surface, it was opened by Mr. Phelps, and the body discovered to be in a perfect state of preservation. A large chisel, used in opening, was tried upon the body with no more effect than if applied to brick or stone. The coffin was pecuniarily filled, and the body as hard and solid as a rock. The face and neck, when the coffin was laid out, with the head slightly inclined to one side, and one arm a little fallen from its original position, probably occasioned by the conveyance. The perfect state of the corpse, on that occasion, that the husband could at once recognize her easily among a thousand corpses. His designs immediately erecting an ample brick structure around the grave; and as this striking evidence of the wonder-workings of nature, may be thought worthy of scientific examination and inquiry; he is disposed to let those of the curious, who may so desire it, take such a view of the corpse, as it appears in the coffin, as they may prefer.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by R. Johnston & Co., Brokers, *No. 20 South Third Street.*

Philadelphia, May 31, 1851.

PENNSYLVANIA.		CONNECTICUT.	
Philadelphia banks	par	All solvent banks	1 dis
U S bank notes	13 dis	MASSACHUSETTS.	
Chambersburg	1 dis	All solvent banks	1 dis
York	1 dis	Fitchburg bank	1 dis
Berks county	no sale	Dorchester and Milton	
Gettysburg	1 dis	union notes	no sale
Carlisle	1 dis	RHODE ISLAND.	
Lancaster	no sale	All solvent banks	1 dis
Bournesville	1 dis	Phœnix bk, Westerly	
Pittsburg	1 dis	stolen notes	no sale
Waynesburg	1 dis	CANADA	
Washington	1 dis	Montreal	3 dis
Erie	1½ dis	VIRGINIA.	
Susquehanna co'ntyb'ks		Bk of Virginia branches	1a1½
Lebanon	par	Far bk & branches	1a1½
Lehigh county bk	no sale	Valley bk & branch	1a1½
Towanda	par	ExCh bk & branches	1a1½
Honesdale	1 dis	Wheeling	1a1½
Harrisburg	par	NORTH CAROLINA.	
West Branch	par	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Wyoming	par	Small notes	1½ dis
Bedford	1 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Middletown	no sale	Bk of West Tennessee	1 dis
Schuylkill Haven	par	All solvent banks	1 dis
Pottsville	par	Small notes	1 dis
Easton	par	GEORGIA.	
Relief notes	1½ dis	Bk of St. Mary's	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.		Central bk of Ga	1½ dis
Trenton, Mt'r Bridg.		Georgia R & Co	1½ dis
Bridgeton, Salem,		Rochesterville chg co	—
Camden and Amboy		All solvent banks	1 dis
State bk at Morris	failed	Small notes	1½ dis
Newark, Newtown,		ALABAMA	
Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belleville, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Princeton, Farmers and Mech. bk, Br. Brun.		Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
		Country banks	2 dis
		MISSISSIPPI.	
		All banks	
		LOUISIANA	
		All solvent bks	1½ dis
		FLORIDA.	
		Bk. Lds & Trust Co

Selected Poetry.

THE TRUEST VOICE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Voice of the Morning! sweetly still
At the breathing noon of a forest child;
Hushing from sorrow its fluttering throb,
Waking its wonder and soothing its sobs;
Calling the sun to his upward way,
And rocks to the hope of another day.

Voice of the Twilight! and dark bat flitting,
Shadowy flowers visibly darkening fast—
Breathing deep by the distant brook,
Lingering late 'mid the folding flowers,
Telling the tired of the mother's breast,
And hushing the weary world to rest!

Voice of the Midnight! deeply tone,
Filling the soul with the infinite sea,
Calling up thoughts like the troubled waves,
Waking the echoes of ancient graves,
Telling of holiness that lit
For its rite one pure eternity.

Voices of Earth! ye have many tones;
Where dances wave, or the ocean moans,
There is no silence—nor deep nor strong
Both on this side of eternal song,
Through Nature's motion; but its holiest part
Is found in the depths of the human heart.

Voice of the Absent! clinging still
Through the spirit's chords, like a hidden rill;
Perchance but a Lonely stream, of tears,
Yet vibrant with the breath of our brighter years,
Preserving the wandering waves down on
Through the withered years of autumn gone!

Voice of the Dead! that converse at times
Like a low tide from the far unravelled climes;
Though sent in the watery hours of life,
And heard in the pause of the tempest's strife!
Yet breathing still of those brighter skies
That claim whose our land of promise lies!

Voice upraised in the hour of long ago,
To bowie who have laid their treasures low;
Oh! the sad space of living love may change,
And its pleasant voices grow coldly strange;
But the grave is true to our early trust,
For the golden harp tuneth eternal trust!

Life in Exile.

SKETCHES OF SIBERIA.

BY A POLISH EXILE.

[Whoever remembers Madame Cottin's touching tale of "Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia," will read with interest the following sketches, translated for the New York Tribune. They were written by a Polish exile, and have an added pathos from the fact that the author did not escape the fate to which he so forcibly alludes.]

Siberia, a land so famous, yet so little known, has, like all mysteries, touched many fancies and loaded many pens. Unwillingly a resident there, I wished to sketch some of its peculiarities as a relief against my bitter life. I write to kill time, but even if what I say shall lack system, it must need be a valuable contribution to our knowledge of a country so well deserving and remarkably dreaded, yet rarely visited, save by those who would avoid it gladly on the other way. Should I be fortunate enough once more to reach my native land, it will be my pleasure to arrange all the results of my Siberian experience, and to give them an adequate form.

I am a Political Prisoner, and my punishment is banishment. But political crimes have their degrees, and so, also, have their retributions.

There are four grades of punishment in Siberia:—

First—Residence in a city.

Second—Service in a Siberian battalion.

Third—Colonization.

Fourth—Public labor—in other words, work in the mines.

There is also a fifth grade, which is, however, but a greater degree of the fourth,—Prisoners in company.

Whoever is sentenced to a residence in a city receives his rights as a nobleman. He can correspond with his friends, although naturally the whole correspondence passes through the hands of the Mayor of the city, and is very limited in its scope. The prisoner must not go beyond the city limits, but within them he may employ his time as he will, and is not constrained to labor.

Whoever is appointed to a battalion has the same privileges of correspondence, under the same conditions.

The political criminals take their name from the fact that they were formerly only allowed to live in villages. They are deprived of nobility, and in order of rank they stand lower than the Russian boor. Justice comes for them, and anybody may insult and maltreat them without danger from the law. Yet they belong still to the living, and may also correspond with their friends. At present the colonists usually live in the city, are not forced to work, and have no other superintendence than that of the ordinary police.

Those who are condemned to a living death in the bowels of the earth, there to perish, or after an endurance of suffering to become colonists, are no more ranked with human beings, but with beasts of burden, with tools and machines. All human intercourse has ceased for them; they are buried alive, and are entirely beyond the Law.

The Companion-Prisoners are compelled to the most loathsome labor in the forts and prisons—always wear chains—and have the head half shaved. This claim is considered the lowest of all. Russian social ranks admit nothing lower. It is a great error to despise the position of the Russian serf. In the eyes of the prisoners, they have a great importance, especially the serfs of the crown. It would be long and weary work for the condemned to climb to the rights and importance even of this class.

The manner in which the prisoners reach their appointed place of punishment depends mainly upon the verdict and touch upon the humor of the Judges.

As far as Tobolsk the transport generally goes by post, and with some few short pauses at night the rest is all. The third and fourth classes of the condemned perform the rest of the journey upon foot, laden with chains, and in company with the most abandoned men, together, with whom they are often bound to an iron pole. I have nothing sadder and more horrible than the encounter of such a procession. For my own part I recall nothing in Dante's Hell so awful. They do indeed, with some brutal feeling, allow these wretched wanderers some days of rest. But where and how they pass them! In the jails upon the descent, close by the post stations—jails devoted to the very sense of humanity, and in full view of the horses and carriages whose use is denied to their despairing weariness.

The population of Siberia is divided into three classes—peasants of the crown, tax'ses, and officials of every kind.

The peasant owns no master, and is free from forced labor. With a little gift to the Czar he finds everything easy. Cunning from the first, he throws himself eagerly into the stream of trade, and soon becomes false, as his business is governed neither by religion nor morality. Even when it is of no personal advantage he lies for the love of it, and with sly instinct despises the defrauded victim, whom he regards as his natural enemy. If you ask him whether he be a Russian, he answers—No, I am a Siberian. But you will much mistake if you expect to find in him a peculiar nationality.

The native is Russian through and through, and shares all the Russian virtues and vices.—He has no inspiring recollections of the past—no national prejudices and songs—and is the most prosaic man upon God's earth. He is even inferior to those emigrants to the Tartars, whose descendants are contented and happy among the Mohammedans. Among these true Rogues yet some shadow, as it were, of their former dignity and dominion. Although to-day slaves, from whose hearts all hope of freedom has died away, and who have no longer even the idea of a fatherland, yet in their songs sounds still a vague yearning toward the great days departed; and their simple settlements betoken the heart like a beautiful dream. It matters not that no one in his conical tent, made of the felt of camel's hair. Have he drinks his kumis, a sour, spirituous, exciting drink, made of mare's milk, which he suffers to drip into a leathern bag adapted to the purpose. The Siberians drink it as a medicine, and contend that it is good for diseases of the heart, and even for consumption.

The Kirghis extremely resembles the Tartars, and have, like them, ugly features, little glowing eyes, deeply set in the head, curling black hair, and a pale complexion. But the resemblance is only external. The Tartar has somewhat civilized himself, and has become a quiet, peaceful, trading tradesman, while the Kirghis is still the wild son of the Steppes. Brave, impatient and fiery as his horse; hard, yet tempered in his anger; rough as his drink; he dwindles up like fat when he meets a Russian, and fosters his hatred forever. The Siberian Tatar dresses as the mass of Russians; he has become used to the yoke, and is a "good subject." The Kirghis, too, has been obliged to submit, but the consciousness lies like a stone upon his heart. Apparently he bends under the iron law, but it is only that he may be nearer the oppressor to plunge the dagger into his breast at the fitting moment. Their revenge is of the most awful character, and to such an intensity human vengeance is often roused and quenches on pleasure.

They are greatly vain doing that the Siberian exile finds it a substantial help and bonus calling in order to supply a certain quantity of riders to the Government, or who seek the favor of Heaven in the chase. It is true that the call is to prove that blood upon the flying horse and fall dead to the ground, and country and grass and fur-like animals, which are the object of the chase, are sacred to the Russian fathers. The Russians is so keen to the Water in cold, and they hunt to many habitations from the extremities of parts. But these things do not suffice Siberia, which is in the inexpressible thought. "That shall be hers." The 11 th first effort of the Russian to look into the heart of the exile, and govern it except but overpowers. It adapts to its dreams, it associates with him at once, and clings to him with a fidelity which is not to be shaken. Every bond which he takes in his hand, from the chord of prayer to which he would confide his sorrows, does at like the frightful words. They subsist themselves upon his distress, and seem to exist of his fellow sufferers arranged upon his brow. The high degree of suffering throws itself also in the form of sorrows, many of whom—without knowing it, and although of the strange—attract the vital force, draw up the marrow in the bones and deep by drop prevents the blood in the veins. When the tragedy is consummated, the victim is reduced to an idiotic astonishment or despair has made him a maniac.

Upon the wide steppes of Siberia neither roses nor any nightingales sing, but there is much of Faust-romance and ocean-like dark stars, which by their color remind the poor exile of Heaven, and cause to say to him "God it here, too!"

Wit and Humor.

AN ELEGANT LADY CARVER.—The telling of the last comma has given us a source of capital stories, but until yesterday we do not recollect having stumbled upon the following. We pick it up as we notice going the rounds without credit:

Last fall a cousin taken, on a time of duty, stopped at an elegant brick dwelling-house, on Western Row—the most location of which is no business of ours. He was received at the door by a stiff, well-dressed elderly lady, who could be easily recognized as a widow of some years standing. On learning the mission of her visitor, the lady invited him to a seat in the hall. Having arranged himself in a working position, he inquired for the number of persons in the family of the lady.

"Eight, sir," replied the lady, "including myself."

"Very well—your age, madam?"

"My age, sir," she replied, with a piercing, dignified look; "I conceive it's none of your business, what my age might be—you are inquisitive, sir."

"The law compels me, madam, to take the age of every person in the ward; it is my duty to make the inquiry."

"Well, if the law compels you to ask, I presume it will compel me to answer. I am between thirty and forty."

"I presume that means thirty-five?"

"No, sir, it means no such thing; I am only thirty-three years of age."

"Very well, madam," putting down the figures, "just as you say. Now for the ages of the children, commencing with the youngest one, if you please."

"Josephine, my youngest, is ten years of age."

"Josephine—pretty name—too."

"Minerva was twelve last week."

"Minerva—captivating—twelve."

"Cleopatra Elvira has just turned fifteen."

"Cleopatra Elvira—enchanting—fifteen."

"Angelina is eighteen, sir—just eighteen."

"Angelina—favorite name—eighteen."

"My eldest and only married daughter, sir, Anna Sophia, is a little over twenty-five."

"Twenty-five did you say, madam?"

"Yes, sir. Is there anything remarkable in her being of that age?"

"Well, no, I can't say that there is—but is it not remarkable that you should be her mother when you were only eight years of age?"

About that time the census taker was observed sailing out of the house, closely pursued by a broomstick. It was the last time he penned a lady to give her age.

A YANKEE BULL ROGUE.—The "cuteness" of the genuine Yankee is well illustrated by the following story, told by a correspondent of the *N. O. Delta*. The Yankee is *bound to propel himself* all over the world, but who ever heard of one of them who was quite willing to engage in a desired heave by downright labor? They will rather watch for a "chance" to adopt some such expedient as is described in this story:

A tall, awkward-looking chap, just from the Green Mountains of Vermont, came on board of one of the splendid North River boats at Albany. His curiosity was amazingly excited at once, and he commenced "poking," as he called it, into every nook and corner of the boat. The captain's office, the engine room, the barber's shop, all underwent his inspection; and then he went on deck and stared in amazement at the lever beam, the chimneys, and the various "fixins," till at last he caught sight of the bell. This was the crowning wonder, and he viewed it from every position, waltzed around it, got down on his knees and looked into it, and exclaimed, "Well, reely, this beats the hull of our woodin' house, I vow, right." By this time the attention of the captain and several of the passengers was attracted to the genius. "How much would you ask to let a fellur ring this bell?" "You may ring it for a dollar, sir," said the captain. "Well, it's a bargain, all fair and agreed, and no backing out." "It's a bargain, sir," said the captain. Our boss went deliberately and brought a seat and took hold of the bell rope, and having arranged everything to his satisfaction, commenced ringing slowly at first, and gradually faster and faster till everybody on board thought the boat was on fire, and rushed on deck, screaming with alarm. There stood the captain, and there sat the "Vermonter," ringing away, first slow and then fast, and then two or three taps at a time. The passengers began to expostulate; the captain said it was a bargain.

But the passengers became urgent that the eternal clanger should be stopped. All the while there sat our hero undisturbed, ringing away more ways than a cockney chime-ringer ever dreamt of. At last the captain began to think it time to stop the simpleton; but his answer was, "a fair bargain, and no backing out," and he rang away for dear life. "Well," says the captain, "what will you take to stop?" "Well, cap'n, I guess I almost know mullin' if I take five dollars and a *free passage* to New York, but not a darned cent less. "Well, walk down to the office and get your money and passage ticket," said the captain. After that we all went to sleep.

ANOTHER BOSS STORY.—During the great Miller excitement, when people got more zeal than common sense into their heads, and were ready at all times to seize upon the smallest mite and magnify it to a mountain, or something larger, an old lady came into Boston from the country, to see the winding up of all things terrestrial. Being heinful of religious zeal, she could see no good in anything but Millerism, and so she, in company with another lady, were talking about the grand conflagration of this wicked world, she glanced her eyes across the street, and exclaimed in an loud, unearthly a tone as any mortal would wish to hear—"Oh, Lord! What are we all a coming to? Only look over on that 'ere sign, where it says—*Furnishing coals and stoves for sale and repaired here.*" The sign read thus: "Furnish coal and stoves for sale and repaired here." Nothing could induce the old lady to remain longer in a city as given over to Satan, and, shaking the dust from her old shoes, she "put" for the country so fast as "the old mare" would carry her.—*Yankee Blade.*

WHERE IS IT?—During an alarm of fire in a neighboring city, a countryman running at full speed, passed the house of a Frenchman, who, anxious to know where the fire was, poked his head from the window and called out, "Var is it? var is it?" The countryman, mistaking his inquiry for a declaration that the fire was "away East," turned the first corner, and ran until he reached the suburbs, when, having seen no signs of any fire, he turned back, and happened to be passing the same house, just as the Frenchman was at Freedom; he has become used to the yoke, and is a "good subject." The Kirghis, too, has been obliged to submit, but the consciousness lies like a stone upon his heart. Apparently he bends under the iron law, but it is only that he may be nearer the oppressor to plunge the dagger into his breast at the fitting moment. Their revenge is of the most awful character, and to such an intensity human vengeance is often roused and quenches on pleasure.

Selected Sketch.

MADAME DE GENLIS AND MADAME DE STAEL.

[The sudden glare has recently appeared in the "Courrier de Paris," and has excited much attention. It is given out to be the production of Madame X., a lady who was formerly attached to H. Shepherd by the Marquis de la Fayette Jacobites.]

Before the Revolution, I was but very slightly acquainted with Madame de Genlis, but somehow during that disastrous period having met a little more frequently in club law in my estimation; and the publication of her novel, "The Knights of the Swan," (*the first edition*) completed my distaste for her. I could not decently disobey her on such grounds, but to pass. The Emperor, at head of the church, is obliged to mention such blasphemy, and the Government takes no care to stop those pamphlets or rules the people out of such darkness.

The facts which characterize the present and under, belong also to the official, only he must be yet more shy and shrinking for he knows the publication of the volume of forceful gone in the Tuileries-hole. But just there is the ground of his brutality, that his Government knows constantly his conduct, and the servant is in the higher and faster he rises. Liquor and cards exercise the fatigues of labor; he gambles, however, not for amusement but for gain. The official invites a subordinate to the pleasure to a game of Boston, knowing, perfectly well, that he is to be his inferior when he sits down. He loses, and the next day the subordinate quietly hands in the note, and not dexterously lose his money. He knows man enough that the game in Illinois is played after quite other rules than elsewhere, and that if an imperial Russian official, honors a hundred men by sitting with him at table, he should be eager to pay roundly for that honor.

Among the Siberian authorities, however, I must not fail to mention the hall of Ugliteh, which was instituted by Boris Godunow, the miserable brother-in-law of the weak and inefficient Feodor Ist, because it opened its doors to every and wildly charged the name of the murder of the Prince Demetrius. It hangs in Tobolsk, in the upper Church, but as near the ground that the passenger can easily read the names and date of its bombarded engraved upon it. The image of Jehovah in the same Church, is striking, the face of which, several ells long, seems intended to impress the spectator with a sense of the size of God. But the most remarkable of all, in my judgment, is the Bratjaga or Vagabond, a genuine national production, of which I must say something.

He is either a native or a condemned of one of the two lower grades, who has somewhere committed an awful murder, and has then escaped with the hasty hundreds of Russian exiles, in order to consume it at leisure. As the Winter approaches and his gold is given out, he betakes himself stealthily to a city in which he has never been, and where he is sure that no one knows him. There he associates himself to the local authorities, but in a very peculiar manner. He says, with seeming simplicity, that he is a Bratjaga, that he does not know where he was born, or what his name is, nor where he has hitherto lived, or been doing. Such a confession in political cases would be quite sufficient to incure a vigorous application of the knout to refresh the memory. But the position is new, or seeming new than political; at most, nothing more than a vagabond, and the Russian law is very. What then, does the Judge do? He sends the fellow-guest to jail, and endeavors to discover, or rather allows chance to discover, if there be any witness against the prisoner. The Bratjaga, who knows well enough how little danger to him there is in this proceeding, throws himself confidently into the arms of Justice, and has thereby obtained all that for the moment he wants—a warm room, food without work, and company, which he immediately employs to the best advantage. He relates those who belong to him by mutual sympathies. As the Winter ends, for way of escape is smoothed by diplomatic arrangements with the overseer, or at a fitting opportunity, the watch being won over, the prisoner digs his way out under ground, and goes to his old work. Should it unluckily chance that the Bratjaga is recognized in the jail, and that some witness appears against him, then a place in the mines, or condemnation to the colonies is the result. In his own way, the Bratjaga is a genuine child of the ground of his brutality, that the Government knows constantly his conduct, and the servant is in the higher and faster he rises. Liquor and cards exercise the fatigues of labor; he gambles, however, not for amusement but for gain. The official invites a subordinate to the pleasure to a game of Boston, knowing, perfectly well, that he is to be his inferior when he sits down. He loses, and the next day the subordinate quietly hands in the note, and not dexterously lose his money. He knows man enough that the game in Illinois is played after quite other rules than elsewhere, and that if an imperial Russian official, honors a hundred men by sitting with him at table, he should be eager to pay roundly for that honor.

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